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and  
leave  
the rest  
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आ नो मद्वाः कृतवो यन्तु विश्वतः

*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side*

Rigveda I-89-i

## PRAYER TO SARASWATI

अमलकमलाधिवासिनि

मनसो वैमल्यदायिनि मनोज्ञे ।

सुन्दरगात्रि सुशीले

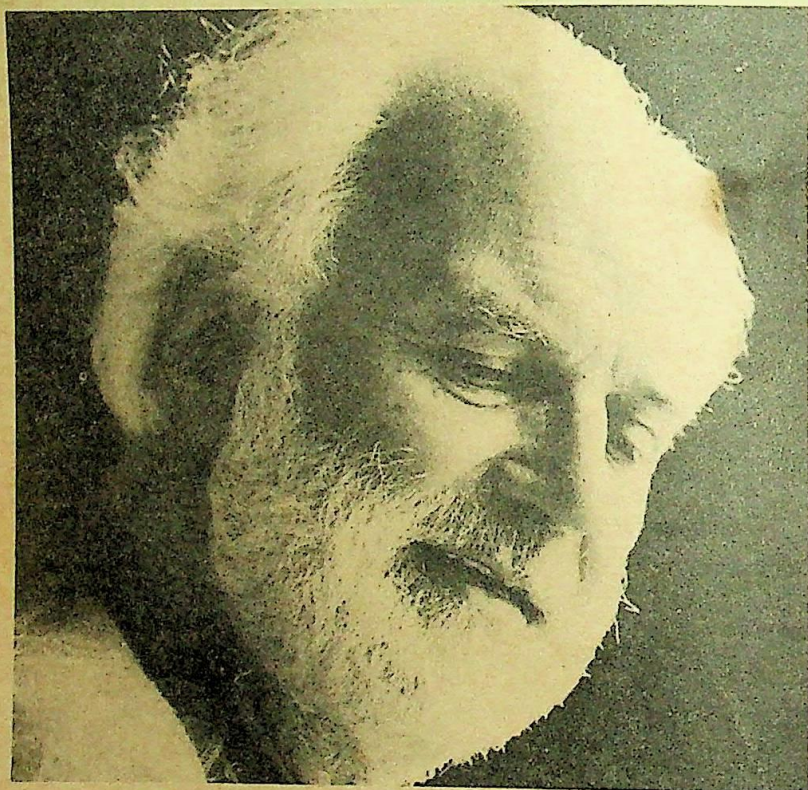
तव चरणाम्भोरुहं नमामि सदा ॥

Purifier of heart and virtue incarnate, you are lovely of form and bes-tower of delight, having pure lotus for thy home. I constantly worship your lovely feet.

—Vageeswari Stotra

**BHAVAN'S  
JOURNAL**





## WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE WORLD

DOUGLAS E. HARDING

*Douglas Harding has been a serious investigator into Religion and the religious experience for over 50 years. He is also an architect, practising successfully in England and India, and a writer of several books including the Hierarchy of Heaven and Earth, Religions of the World and On Having No Head. He has worked with Alan Watts and Eric Berne and at Esalen, has contributed substantially to Zen in the West and has lectured for Cambridge University. Anne Bancroft in her book Modern Mystics and Sages devotes a chapter to Douglas Harding.*



FEW people would agree with Robert Browning's rapturous exclamation that all's right with the world. Most of us, most of the time, feel that something's terribly amiss. The aim of this article is to find out what's gone wrong, and what—if anything—you and I can do about it. An ambitious project? Yes, indeed! But let's see how far we can get.

We need hardly trouble to list the things about our world that aren't as they should be, or we don't like. They are too many and too obvious. So let's move straight on to consider the various ways we can and do respond to the troubles that surround us, and threaten to engulf us.

### *Three Reactions*

(1) One very natural reaction is — *resentment*. We had no choice, no say at all in the kind of environment we find ourselves flung into. We weren't consulted, our preferences and needs were — it seems — unfeelingly ignored. We were pitchforked into this blood-soaked arena which, apparently, is all set up to hurt and mangle and eventually destroy us. What sort of Creator or Demiurge is

it (we want to know) who gives us one nature, and gives our world the contrary nature; who not only fails to match up the two, but actually fixes it so that, whereas we need love and security and success and joy and peace, the nature of things ensures that we get the opposite? What have innocent children done to deserve all the pain and disillusionment, ending in sickness and senility and death itself, that is steadily coming to them? Surely the only appropriate and manly reaction is anger. But the trouble with anger is that it is unproductive. It's a dead end, and gets us nowhere at all. It just adds to the misery.

(2) The second alternative is rather less negative. It is *resignation*. Or, if you prefer, *realism*. Thus we say to ourselves, wryly but very sensibly, "Life is difficult!" Or, with the Buddha, "Life is painful, life is suffering." So let's stop pretending it could be otherwise than tragic, terribly unfair, made up of anxiety upon anxiety, agony piled upon agony. Let's nobly face this noble but dreadful truth: that our world is and always will be, a very nasty place, even for the lucky ones. Lucky for how long?



There is a positive side to this kind of hard-headed realism. It makes a difference when at last we give up all our false optimism and wishful thinking, our pathetic pretence that tomorrow or next week or next year things will return to normal, and happy days will be here again. Suffering is the norm, relief from suffering the exception. Tomorrow's trials will be at least as severe as today's, and a certain kind of peace does descend upon us when we are honest enough to acknowledge the grim facts, steadily and without bitterness. Life does become more bearable, less of a let-down.

(3) And so to our third alternative, which is that we should actually intend everything to be just as it is. This attitude is a long, long way from mere acceptance: it is *endorsement*; we go so far as to *choose* what's happening, to say a hearty YES! to all that life is handing out to us. It is so lining up our will with God's or the Univesse's that its will becomes our will. Then it must follow that everything goes as we wish, and in a sense we become omnipotent.

Of course this alignment of our will is pleasant and easy when all goes fairly well with us; very hard when things go badly; next to impossible (un-

less we are already saints) when disaster threatens and our very lives are at stake. Even Jesus was agonizingly torn between his own will and his Father's in the end. And if *he* found this ultimate surrender of his personal will immensely difficult when it came to the crunch, what hope for ordinary mortals like you and me? What hope for *me*, I should say: you may be a saint, for all I know.

Yet all the evidence I'm aware of, and certainly the reported experience of the world's spiritual leaders, confirms that here lies the only real and conclusive answer to our troubles. If only we could be selfless, totally surrendered, in a word *saints*. There's the rub. How many of us are willing and able to transcend and do violence to our deep instinct for survival? To immolate ourselves, to play the role of both sacrificial priest and sacrificial victim? In a sense, to commit suicide as humans, in order to be what else we are? And to do so not merely because it's the best policy, but because we deeply feel it is right?

The answer is: very few of us. And even that heroic few who, by virtue of Grace or of extraordinary feats of discipline and self-abnegation, manage genuinely to will God's will—even they do not necessarily find



that the Universe is, after all, a perfectly happy and beautiful scene. With some exceptions, they don't see it that way at all. No. Even the saints are apt to embrace the world *in spite of* what it is, rather than *because* of what it is. Some of them haven't a good word to say of it.

And so, on the face of it, there's no feasible solution, for us unsaintly ones, to the problem of what's wrong with the world. We have seen that *raging against* the Universe only makes matters worse; *resignation* may help us somewhat, but does little or nothing to improve the situation; and *full acceptance* is virtually impossible for us as we are now.

#### *The Fourth Alternative*

However, there is a fourth alternative, so let us take heart and go into it carefully, critically, and with open minds. After all, what have we — desperate characters that we are, in a desperate situation — to lose?

Here is a very different approach from the three we have outlined. I trust you will find that it does hold out hope — even certainty — for us rather ordinary people — provided we are willing to drop our precious opinions, and specially our religious prejudices, and dare to take a fresh look at ourselves and the world we find ourselves in.

The proposition we are going to examine is this: *In itself, the world is all right. It isn't the world that has gone wrong or is unsatisfactory, but what you and I are all the time doing to it.*

Or let me put it like this: Apart from us, the Universe would be alive and in fine shape; it is we who are the trouble. We are inflicting a grievous wound upon it, and it's bleeding to death from that wound. We have split it into two unequal fragments called OURSELF and THE REST, or ME and NOT ME. The result is that we have on our hands not a Universe but a Duoverse, a Duality and no Unity. And it's hardly surprising that the severed parts should be deficient, tragically and incurably sick, so long as that dreadful wound isn't closed and healed.





The *Katha Upanishad* identifies the disease: "He who divides the One, wanders from death to death," and indicates the remedy: "Tell the mind that there is but One." And the Third Patriarch of Zen speaks of the health which follows that remedy: "When the ten thousand things are viewed in their Oneness, we return to the Origin and remain where we have always been. . . . One in all, All in one—if only this is realized, no more worry about not being perfect!"

But again, merely understanding and concurring with these profound truths doesn't get us far along the difficult road to perfection. Sure enough, when times are good and the sun's shining and the birds are singing, it's not too difficult to feel the Oneness of all things, with ourselves included in the Grand design. Or, meditating in the tranquillity of a holy place, we may occasionally sense that, however miserable the parts of the world may be *as parts*, the Whole is all that our hearts could wish for. Just as the most horrible slum, viewed from a weather satellite, becomes very pleasant to look at — and our sad, war-torn planet, viewed from the Moon, becomes a shining dream of peace and beauty — so, when we are in exalted mood, our Universe may briefly be viewed in its wholeness as

wholly good. *When* we're in the mood! How are we to live in that exalted and rarefied atmosphere for more than a few moments at a time? Someone said that life down here on earth is one of quiet desperation. I guess he was right — except for the quiet! "Some day," says Master K'ung Ku Chin-lung, "you will realize that the Pure Land of Serene Light is none other than this earth itself." Meantime you may — if you're lucky — enjoy that realization in flashes. The rest of the time this earth is apt to seem more like Hell.

So what is our practical answer? I have already suggested that it is a very simple one — simple, if not exactly easy. *So long as I am anything whatever I have divided and therefore spoiled the One.* The only remedy is to restore its missing parts, to regraft the organ I amputated, to hand back what I stole from the One — namely myself — and so bring it again to life, health, wholeness, and perfection. In other words, *everything* will be all right when I am *nothing*. "Claim nothing; enjoy, do not covet His property," says the *Isa Upanishad*. In China, around the same time, the Taoist Sage Chuang-tzu taught: "Your body is not your own. . . . It is the delegated image of God. Your life is not your own. It is the delegated



harmony of God. Your individuality is not your own. It is the delegated adaptability of God." And, two millennia later, the French Jesuit De Caussade (1675 — 1751) wrote: "The body and its senses, the soul and its energies, the modicum of good you have performed — are God's portion. It so manifestly belongs to Him that you realize you cannot claim one whit of it as yours, nor feel one grain of complacency, *without being guilty of theft and larceny from God.*" Another Jesuit father, John Nicolas Grou (1731 — 1803), having pointed out "How God is all, and the creature is nothing," goes on to say: "I am nothing of myself, and I owe to God all that I am. ... If I appropriate these gifts to myself. ... *I steal from God what is His own*, I do not comprehend my own nothingness. I commit an injustice. ..." Karl Marx, too, seeking justice, decided "all property is theft," but didn't go half far enough. He excluded personal property like one's cooking utensils and clothes, and of course one's body and mind. He had the right idea, but stopped short of the heart of the matter. No wonder Marxism does not set our world to right! It is insufficiently radical!

### *Seeing Rather Than Believing*

So I admit I'm a thief, a despoiler of the world. Thieves.

however, are loath to part with their loot — specially when they've held it so long that they've come to think of it as theirs, and all the world has been agreeing. Who of us is prepared to return his or her body-mind to the Universe, and be reduced to *absolute poverty*?

The only convincing reason I can find for this restoration of stolen goods to their rightful Owner — the only consideration that would induce me to hand them over willingly and without further delay — would be the clear perception that I have no choice, seeing that they were never mine anyway, and my thieving was quite imaginary. In other words, if I were actually to see — not just *believe* — that I have never had and have never been a body-mind at all, that all along I have been exactly No-thing whatever and therefore problem-free — why then this clear seeing really would





loosen my fictitious grip on myself. Sri Nisargadatta rightly asks: "Is it not important to you to know whether you are a mere body, or something else? Or maybe nothing at all? Don't you see that all your problems are your body's problems?" And indeed, when I give up my body-mind I not only give up its problems, but the world's too.

Asked why a perfect God should create such a disastrous world, Sri Ramana Maharshi replied: "His work is perfection. But you see it as imperfect because of your mis-identification with the body." That says it all.

Still I ask myself: Is it *true* that I'm not the body and the mind I thought I was, and everyone told me I was? Is it a hard *fact* that I am, in reality, Nothing whatever, that I neither have nor am so much as a dust-grain? Above all, is it dispassionately *verifiable*? Or is this just holy talk, pious uplift, a good thing to believe because it makes me more comfortable? I must find out, because only complete honesty with myself will work here. A trace of self-deception or wishful thinking, and this promising remedy for trouble does me and my world no good at all.

Well, I can't speak for you, but I do indeed find that this Nothingness—this absence of body-mind right here—is the

most obvious of all obvious truths. Whether I like it or not, I *see*—far more clearly than I see anything out there in the world—that right here is Emptiness, Space, Openness—Vacant Accommodation for the whole world. Whenever I look back here at what's cooking, at this mysterious Spot I'm said to occupy, I find it unoccupied by me—and occupied instead by all the rest. Here, I am just Capacity, Room at this moment for these two arms and hands and this busy pen and half-filled sheet of paper, this littered desktop, and beyond them the room, and the view from the window of grass and bare trees, of racing clouds and cold sky. Plus all my thoughts and feelings about those things: not about *me*, I emphasize, but about *them*. I no more *am* these hands, or *am in* these hands, than I *am* these clouds, or *am in* these clouds. I'm nowhere to be found, and everywhere. I have no body, and the whole world is my body. Never, never have I been *part* of the world; never, never have I parted or split up the world. I am Nothing—yes; and All things—yes; never Something, never any half-way house between these extremes. That great saint St John of the Cross tells me that to be all things I must be nothing. I don't have to take his word for it. I can



always check this astounding fact, whatever my mood or activity of the moment, by just taking a look.

### *Only Hope*

This clear perception, carrying with it utter conviction, is my best hope and indeed my only hope of setting myself and the Universe to rights. Let me steadily see What I am — thus restoring to the Whole everything I supposed I was, everything I stole from It — and see what happens. Insofar as I do just this, I do indeed find that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the world is — yes, perfect! It is healed, and for the very good reason that its wounds were quite imaginary.

Continuing to speak for myself, then: whereas I'm wholly unable to make myself into any kind of saint (and settle the issue of perfection that very difficult way) I'm wholly able to see that I could *never* be a saint anyway, or *any* sort of person or thing or object! And (I repeat) this in-seeing isn't hard. It's entirely natural, refreshing, pleasant, secular, not special at all. Not so easy to keep up all the while without a good deal of "practice", no doubt, but renewable always and at will, whenever one's attention is turned round to the Absentee who's attending, right here.

So this, our fourth alternative, is certainly the one for me. What about you? Why not try it? Again, what have you (who in fact have lost all) to lose? You, too, may find that this alternative works because it convinces, because it's thoroughly verifiable and actual-factual, and not for taking on trust just because you read it somewhere or someone told you so. You, too, are likely to find that the Universe is radically transformed, once you clearly *see for yourself* that you could never disturb its perfection by stealing so much as a needle from it.

I say a needle, because it brings me to the conclusion of this article, which is a Muslim tradition about Jesus. The Sufi poet Attar tells the story. "When you are reduced to ashes, including your baggage, you will have not the least feeling of existence. But if there remains to you, as to Jesus, only a simple needle, a hundred thieves will lie in wait for you along the road. Although Jesus had thrown down his baggage, the needle was still able to scratch his face.... When existence disappears, neither riches nor empire, honours nor dignity, have any meaning."

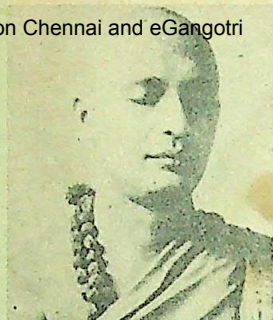
And then it is (we may add) that all our wounds — and even mere scratches — are healed, and we are safe from thieves and all harm, and enter Paradise. □ □



**SILVER** and blue, the river seemed to dance as she flowed irresistibly on to the vast ocean. As if the last of her inhibitions had melted, she ran on, stumbling on pebbles, her flowing robes getting entangled in trees and shrubs. Even as Radha, in the past, had, at the call of the flute, lost remembrance of all but the flute player, even as she ran, oblivious of her falling tresses, her dishevelled upper garment, undeterred by the thorns at her feet, so also did Ganga rush to join her husband, the Ocean, in total surrender.

Having passed the morning, noon and evening of life, the sky stood resplendent in sannyasin colours. Orange streamed from the dying sun and set on fire the sky above, the river below. Orange and gold — it seemed as if a *mahayajna* was being performed. The world seemed hushed in prayer.

Sat on the hillock a Sadhu, a strange and awesome energy flowing into him. Or so it seemed. That was the very hill on which had stood the palace of the legendary Karna, eldest of the Pandavas, himself a Mahayogi and favourite of Shakti to whom he offered worship every night. The footsteps of the compassionate Buddha, Siddhartha, had sanctified it. Few know today that Monghyr, with all its violence and dissension,



Guru Poornima is on July 24.

## Guru Dakshina

DHARMAKEERTI

was once a hallowed land. Not far away was Ayodhya, the Kingdom of Rama. Its sacred earth had thrilled to the vibrations of avatars and yogis.

Satyananda was the name of the Sadhu sitting on the hillock. His mission was clear. The burden of knowledge lay heavy within; like a mother who yearns to give of herself to her children, he knew his destiny now was to stop and wait for his disciples. This vision of his was the inspiration for an ashram — Ganga Darshan — where, in the years to come, he would train men and women to face life fully and totally.

He knew they would come — tired of their social identities, their desire for power, for knowledge, for wealth, finding a surfeit of these and yet empty within themselves.



*Full moon*

Years had passed by. It was Guru Poornima. Thousands of devotees had come, braving the Bihar railways, the heat, their own fears. Many grumbled as sweat poured down their bodies. "Was it worth all this?" someone asked drinking water in bucketfuls. "The food is not that homely" said another. "I do not like crowds. — I don't know what prompted me to make this trip," said a third. They all had come for a three-day stay.

On the second day, assembled for 'satsang' in a large hall, one of them raised the question: "What is dakshina? Why does a Guru need dakshina?" The questioner knew only too well that disciples and devotees often gave money, land and material gifts to spiritual masters. Therefore, his question really was: "Why does a man of God need material benefits?"

Swami Satyananda looked up. There was understanding in his eyes. Perhaps he remembered his years of freedom when he had roamed as a parivrajaka, untrammelled by organisation of devotees in their hundreds, each wanting to press his feet and apply tilak to his forehead, the years of personal freedom which he had renounced out of compassion for the suffering.

If a Guru were to transform the consciousness of his disciples, where could he train them? How many would give up their

attachment to bodily comforts and learn the lessons of life under trees and hills as in the years of yore? Knowing the limitations of people, he had built an ashram — where they came to live a simple life — often grumbling frequently, criticising the lack of comforts, until slowly even as the flowers open in the spring, their hearts too opened up as he stole into them. Unknown to themselves, they realised that their attachment to luxuries had really been their limitations. They were quite at home with plain and simple living. When they left, they took this message back with them, to their families, to their communities.

*Ego as offering*

And unknown to them, they had left behind a mental concept of feeling limited and were freer within themselves. They did not know that the building was for *them* and not for *him*, that the land was for *them* and not for *him*. For him, it was enough if he had two dhotis and two rotis. Even that was not really necessary.

"Dakshina," he said smiling, "is the disciple's offering to the Guru, the inner Guru. The material gifts he gives are symbolic of the 'Ahankara' of the disciple, 'the limited identity of the disciple.' The Guru asks for it so that the disciple may leave it behind and grow into the limitlessness of the Sup-



reme."

Everyone is attached to something in themselves, to that which they think gives them an inner security. Out of such attachment is born an identity. Situations arise in our lives in which some part of ourselves seemingly transcends our helplessness at a superficial level and we feel confident, secure. We then identify ourselves with the role that mastered the situation; for example, the helplessness of poverty that vanished with the amassing of wealth, that of illiteracy, with the gaining of degrees and doctorates. While the new roles of being a rich man or a degree holder may give temporary relief, deep down the unresolved emptiness remains. However, people invest in these roles and play act for the rest of their lives, more so for themselves than for the world at large. They do not realise that it was not *the role* but a certain consciousness behind it that gave the impetus to the seeking of that role in a certain situation. Consciousness is limitless but the role people take on is limited. Often one is not aware even of the attachment to the identity. But in the external act of placing at the Guru's feet what one considers important to oneself, one gives a bit of oneself to a higher source. In giving, one parts with some limitation and feels lighter within.

Those whose identities centred around their wealth, kept money before the Guru. Those who identified themselves with their emotional selves gave him their tears. Those who identified themselves as being ritualistic performed the rites as in the shastras. A mentally disturbed woman shouted that she had not been acknowledged. Every one gave a bit of themselves in the external act of Gurupooja.

As the crowds milled out they spoke to each other: "It was worth coming all this way." "The inconveniences were nothing." "One never appreciates something beautiful unless one suffers a little."

As sweat rolled down their backs in the sweltering heat of Bihar, they did not even seem to notice it because of the inner joy. The uplifted mood made them forget their difficulties.

As I saw the transformation in them I thought to myself: "The greatest Gurudakshina that day was offered by a quiet man who, having renounced all, sat calmly and allowed his devotees to go through the motions of their pooja, heard their praises and criticism, felt their tears, received their flowers and coins and surrendered his all at the innermost shrine of his devotees—to the divinity in them. "O Rukmini" said Krishna, "I run behind my devotees so that the dust of their feet may purify me." □ □



# SRI CHAITANYA MAHAPRABHU

*Prophet  
of Love and Compassion*

DR. KAMALAKSHA BHATTACHARYA

IN a very dark period of Indian history, and in a period of total social disintegration, there appeared in Bengal 500 years ago, a very wondrous child. Millions of people all over the world today endearingly call him Sri Gaurangadev or Sri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu.

In the same sixteenth century were born Guru Nanak in the Punjab and Sant Kabir at Varanasi, and they also spearheaded great movements.

Sri Chaitanya, true to his name, was intoxicated with Krishna Bhakti. His life was a saga of total surrender to the Lord. Though he passed away when he was only 48, he did wonders during his lifetime. His spiritual fervour left an abiding impact upon the succeeding generations for centuries and gave a new shape to the religious and metaphysical beliefs





of the people of Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, U.P. and Assam.

Under his promising lead, the pan-Indian devotional or Bhakti movement gathered a new momentum. By infusing the elements of simplicity in the matter of worship and prayer, he gave a new dimension to the Indian society and set the tone of a new religious fervour, faith, vitality and harmony.

Religion was no longer the monopoly of the select and the learned few, but a very simple way of life for the most downgraded and the despised multitude in the lowest rung of the social ladder. Shri Chaitanya to them was an emancipator and redeemer. As a matter of fact, he belonged to Bengal by birth but to far-off lands by adoption.

Shri Chaitanya's solicitude for the poor, the distressed and the down-trodden led him to assert in clear and emphatic terms:

*If a mochi (a cobbler) has  
bhakti (devotion)*

*I bow at his feet a thousand  
times."*

The new religion of love or Vaishnavism, propagated by him brought about a radical transformation in Indian social thought.

Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterjee has observed, "The whole soul of Bengal was dedicated to transform the aspirations of Sri Chaitanya into the stuff and substance of daily life."

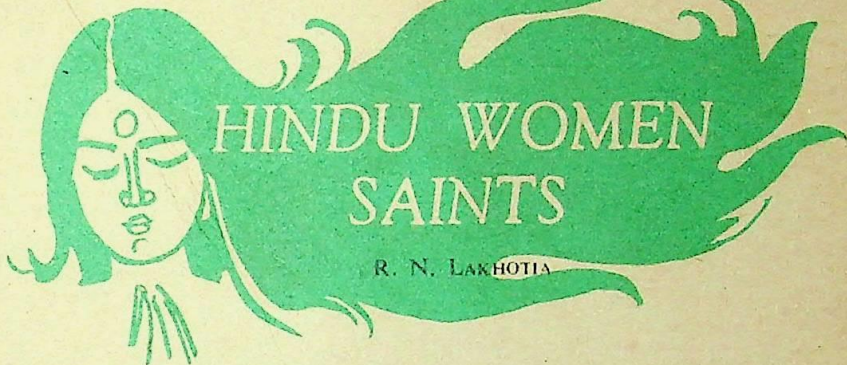
The Chaitanya movement was a mild but sustained protest against the prevalent empty intellectualism and heartless religious behaviour. The message of Sri Chaitanya was the message of love, love for God and love for man, in one kindred berth true to the points of heaven and home. The foundation of Krishna-cult or Krishna-consciousness laid down by him was a strange apotheosis of the human race.

It was Sri Chaitanya who had put eternity of love in the hearts of millions in diverse climes, societies and ages, irrespective of the frontiers of geography and the political boundaries, paving the way for the emergence of a living brotherhood — a fellowship of seekers and path-finders. It is in the fitness of things, therefore, that we pay homage to this illustrious soul of faith and compassion on the occasion of the 500th year of his birth and invoke:

*Lord, thou shouldst be  
living at this hour*

*The world hath need of  
thee!*





**H**INDUISM recognises woman as man's equal in the family and in society. The Vedas entertained a respect for women which amounted to worship by declaring that the first born Lord of all creatures divided his own self into two halves, so that one half should be male and the other half female. No partiality was shown for either man or woman.

The Rig Veda (5.61.8) states: "The wife and husband being the equal halves of one substance are equal in every respect; therefore, both should join and take equal parts in all work, religious and secular."

In accordance with this Vedic teaching, equal opportunities were afforded to men and women, boys and girls, for education and work. No other scripture of the world has ever given women such equality with

men as the Vedas. This created an atmosphere where thrived many spiritual Hindu women of eminence like Gargi, Vadava and Maitreyi. As the highest education was open to both men and women alike, many women became Vedic scholars, keen debaters, great philosophers and brilliant teachers. It was due to the high standard of Hindu married life and the atmosphere of equality that saints and seers arose among both men and women.

In the Rig Veda can be found the names of many women who realised the highest spiritual truths. A large number of inspiring hymns (suktas) are ascribed to as many as 27 women rishis. The 126th hymn of the first book of Rig Veda was revealed by the woman saint Romasa and the 179th hymn of the same book by Lopamudra. Other women seers of Vedic



wisdom were Visvavara, Sasvati, Apala, Ghosha and Aditi, who lived the ideal life of spirituality, sang holy hymns and discussed with great philosophers problems of life and death, of soul and God. The example of philosopher Gargi, who boldly challenged her husband sage, Yajnavalkya, in abstruse philosophical argument is quite well known.

In later times Bharati, a learned Hindu lady, well-versed in all Hindu scriptures, and wife of Mandana Misra, acted as the umpire in the philosophic discussion which took place between her husband and Adi Sankaracharya. Though her dear husband was the opponent of Sankaracharya in the debate which lasted seven days, she declared Sankaracharya the winner!

The Ramayana speaks of the sramani, Sabari. The account of exhibition of great wisdom and yogic powers by Sulabha, a great yogini, who went to the court of King Janak, is familiar to Hindus.

It was only during the Smriti-Purana period of Indian history that women were discriminated in the matter of education and hence there is dearth of women saints during this period. However, during the later period A.D. 600-1800 the cult of bhakti arose and it saw the advent of women saints.

Hindu women saints include Avvaiyar, Kasaikkal Ammaiyar, and Andal of Tamil Nadu, Akka Mahadevi of Karnataka, Lallesvari or Laliddi of Kashmir, Mirabai of Rajasthan, Janabai, Rajai, Gonai, Mahadamba, Muktabai, Soyarabai, Kanhopatra and Bahinabai of Maharashtra, and Gauribai, the poetess-saint of Gujarat.

Among women devotees of Kerala who attained God realisation, the name of Kurur Amma stands out.

Tarigonda Venkamamba was a contemporary of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa. Sri Sarada Devi, the Holy Mother and the consort of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, experienced God as the Divine Mother. The Mother of the Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, is a name familiar to the present generation.

The lives and teachings of many saints helped to produce spiritual-minded women such as Sister Nivedita, Sister Christine and many other women saints in recent times. The women of the last two generations have received a powerful spiritual inspiration from the lives of these women saints which would continue to mould and guide generations of women in future.

□ □ □



*Two contrary voices reach every man; one of matter, another of spirit. How to decide between the two? Have we to reject one for the other?*

# TWO VOICES

SWAMI BUDHANANDA

**TWO VOICES** are constantly reaching us across times and climes claiming our heads, hearts and souls.

One voice in effect says: Fool, what nonsense are you about? We have looked searchingly through our powerful telescope, acutely through our penetrating microscope, we have not found God anywhere. Was He then hidden in man or other living creatures? We have mercilessly dissected their flesh, peered through their bones with the all-seeing X-ray, we have not found the faintest trace of God anywhere. Driven by human inquisitiveness had He then hidden Himself in the unseeable atom? Well, we have smashed the atom. Something tremendous did come out of it, but not God. What is, can be seen. What is not, can-

not be seen. God cannot be seen; therefore, He is not. Do you see this perfect logic, this pure reason? How can the non-existent God love or be loved? You are naive! Not only that God is just not, He is also unnecessary. We have systematized Philosophy, wherein God is superfluous. We have developed ethics, wherein God is redundant. We have worked out sciences, where nature explains everything. Food, matter is all that matters. Give up soft-headedness. Cultivate your brain!

This is a powerful voice gaining volume and strength every day claiming the allegiance of the ever-growing number of educated people everywhere in the world. Whatever may be the reasons, there is no doubt





Swami Budhananda (67), Secretary, Ramakrishna Mission, New Delhi, passed away on 11th June 1983 at Calcutta. He joined the Order at the Madras centre (1944) and received his initiation from Swami Virajanandaji Maharaj. During his fifteen years' stay at the Madras Math, he was connected with all the various fields of activity of this centre including Editorship of the Vedanta Kesari (1951-56).

He was very active in organising festivals and doing Relief Work. For the next seven years he served in various Mission centres in the United States. There he made a good impression as writer and speaker. Returning to India, he was in charge of the Chandigarh centre for a brief period and then joined the Advaita Ashrama, Calcutta. He became President of the Advaita Ashrama, Ma-

about the fact that unbelief is on a triumphant march over the minds of man.

Buttressed by science as each is, unbelief has a fascination of its own, atheism has its laurels, hedonism its intoxication, materialism its triumphs, and agnosticism its bravado.

But at what price?

### *Still and Silent*

In his pageant, 'The Rock' T. S. Eliot indicates what that

yavati and Editor of the Prabuddha Bharata. He took charge of the Delhi centre in 1976. He was a popular and respected figure in the Capital.

The Swami was a deep scholar and prolific writer. Besides innumerable articles, he has published a series of thought-provoking books like, "The Mind and Its Control," "Can one be scientific and yet spiritual?" "The Saving Challenge of Religion," "The Ramakrishna Movement, its Meaning for Mankind," "Ramakrishna's Naren and Naren's Ramakrishna," "Joy of the Illumined," "The Story of Mira's Love," and "Rama-prasad, the melodious mystic." He has also translated into English Swami Ramakrishnanda's "Life of Sri Ramanuja."

The present article is from the book "The Saving Challenge of Religions."



price is:

*The endless cycle of ideas and  
action.  
Endless invention, endless  
experiment,  
Bring knowledge of motion  
but not of stillness;  
Knowledge of speech but not  
of silence;  
Knowledge of words, and  
ignorance of the World.  
All our knoweldge brings us  
nearer to ignorance,  
All our ignorance brings us  
nearer to death,  
But nearness to death no  
nearer to God.  
Where is the life we have lost  
in living?  
Where is the wisdom we have  
lost in knowledge?  
Where is the knowledge we  
have lost in information?  
The cycles of Heaven in  
twenty centuries  
Bring us farther from God  
and nearer to Dust.*

In the preface to "Late lyrics  
and Earlier," published in 1922,  
Thomas Hardy wrote:

"Whether owing to the barbarizing of taste in the younger minds by the dark madness of the late war, the unabashed cultivation of selfishness in all classes, the plethoric growth of knowledge with the stunting of wisdom, 'a degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation' (to quote Wordsworth), or from any other cause, we seem threatened with a new dark age".

### Keystone

In his book, 'The End of Our Time' published in 1933, Berdyaev wrote: "European man stands amid a frightening emptiness. He no longer knows where the keystone of his life may be found; beneath his feet he feels no depth of solidity".

And what does this losing of 'terra firma' actually mean? Indeed a very frightening situation in the modern man's mind. Embellished without, he continues to be shattered within. Presenting a bold face, but covering a disintegrating soul!

From his long clinical experience, the celebrated psychologist, the late Dr. C. G. Jung observed in his book, 'Modern Man in Search of a Soul':

"Among all my patients in the second half of my life, there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious, outlook on life. It is safe to say that everyone of them fell ill, because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given their followers, and none of them has really been healed who did not regain his religious outlook".

These remarks by master minds about the human situation were made before the Second World War. And one knows very well what happened during the war, and has been happening since.

It is not necessary for us to discuss the armament race and



and the entry of countries into the "nuclear club". All are aware of the problems of crime and delinquency, immorality and neuroses, smashed homes and broken hearts, and alcoholism specially in the 'advanced' countries.

### *Weird Vision*

And it would appear, science is tending to become too much even for the scientist. Our deeds of ferocity unknown to any other animal but man have begun to overtake us. If Mephistopheles claims our soul at the end of the contract, how, in fairness, can we say 'nay' to him?

One remembers the madman in the market-place whom Nietzsche portrays in a weird vision of a coming situation:

"... In the broad light of the forenoon, with a lit lantern in his hand, the madman ran into the market-place, crying incessantly 'I am searching for God'. ... As it happened many were standing together there, who did not believe in God, and he aroused great laughter. The madman leaped right among them. 'Where is God?' he cried. Someone from among the laughing crowd said, 'Well I will tell you. We have murdered him, you and I. Behold the noise of the grave-diggers busy to bury God.... And we have killed him! What possible comfort is there for us? Is not the great-

ness of the deed too great for us?'"

The greatness of our deeds is indeed becoming a bit too great for us. Man's soul weeps in the darkness of his own creation. And like the sardonic laughter of a disembodied spirit, the voice uncannily rings in his ears: Fool, what nonsense are you about? Matter is all that matters. Cultivate your brain!

This is the language and implication of one voice that is coming to us and claiming our heads, hearts, and souls.

### *The Other Voice*

The other voice which has been coming to us across all times, even from the bounds of the timeless, has a very different language. Even when this voice comes in a language we do not know, it can leave the soul aflame with something ennobling:

"Listen, hearken, O Children of Immortality, who dwell in these celestial regions. I have known and seen and experienced that Supreme Spirit, who is beyond the darkness of all illusions and delusions. Only by knowing Him does one pass over death; there is no other way to the Supreme Goal.

This universe is truly the divine Person only. Therefore, it subsists on Him, the self-effulgent divine Being, who has many heads and many eyes, who



is the source of joy for the universe, and exists in the form of the universe, who is the master and origin of humanity, whose forms are various goals, who is imperishable all-surpassing ruler and saviour, who is superior to the world, who is endless and omniform, who is the goal of humanity, who is the destroyer of sin and ignorance, who is the protector of the universe and the ruler of the individual souls, who is permanent, supremely auspicious and unchanging, who has embodied Himself in man as his indwelling Spirit, who is the greatest object to be known, who is the soul of the universe and its supreme goal. Narayana is the supreme Brahman, the supreme truth, the supreme light, the supreme soul. Whatever in this world is seen and heard of, all that Narayana stands pervading within and without—the unlimited, the imperishable, the goal of life, the source of happiness to the universe”.

The voice not only brings us the tremendous intimation about the supreme Spirit that pervades the universe, but also the gladdening news that the supreme Spirit can be realized in this very life, that in this mortal world, immortality is attainable.

#### *Desire falls away*

“When all the desires that dwell in the heart fall away, then

the mortal becomes immortal and here attains Brahman”.

“When all the ties of the heart are severed on earth, then the mortal becomes immortal”.

“If a man is able to realise Brahman here, before the falling asunder of his body, then he is liberated, if not, he is embodied again in this created world”.

“Whatever there is—the whole universe—vibrates because it has gone forth from Brahman, which exists as its ground. That Brahman is a great terror, like a poised thunderbolt. Those who know it become immortal”.

The voice not only brings the intimation of the possibility of attaining the supreme Spirit in this very life, and of attaining immortality in this mortal world, it also brings the knowledge of the means of attaining the supreme Spirit here and now:

“This Atman cannot be realized by much study of the scriptures (Vedas) or by much intellectual activity or by much hearing of sacred books. It is attained by him alone, whom it chooses. To such a one the Atman reveals its own secret.

“He who has not first turned away from wickedness, who is not tranquil and subdued, and whose mind is not at peace, cannot attain the Atman. It is realized only through the knowledge of Reality”.



So the great question arises: On whom does the choice of the Atman ultimately fall, how does one really become immortal? And the voice declares in stentorian accents:

"Not by work, not by progeny not by wealth, but by renunciation alone one attains immortality".

Who has not craved and frantically sought for eternal happiness? But who knows where to find it? Everybody is seeking it everywhere, but not exactly in the place where it is to be found. With all the powers of all their senses, men and women are clasping the things of the world. Not only that, through scientific appliances, men are daily augmenting the powers of their senses in search of happiness!

And what is the result? In the words of the Buddha: "Everything. ... is burning. The eyes are burning, all the senses are burning. They are burning with the fire of lust. There is anger, there is ignorance, there is hatred; and as long as the fire finds inflammable things upon which it can feed, so long will it burn, and there will be birth, death, decay, grief, lamentation, suffering, despair and sorrow".

If this be the case, how to find the eternal happiness? The

answer to this question is not known to the sciences or the arts of the world, however profound they may be. The voice, again, brings the intimation.

"There is one Supreme Ruler, the inmost Self of all beings, who makes His one form manifold. Eternal happiness belongs to the wise, who perceive Him within themselves—not to others".

### *Peace and strife*

And, who is not talking of peace? Who is not aware of where the warlike peace efforts of the rulers of the world are leading humanity? The more man seeks peace, the greater is his peacelessness. It could not be otherwise, because in seeking peace man is all the while sowing the seeds of strife. Even this relative peace in the affairs of the world, eludes man's grasp.

And we have heard it said that there is such a thing as absolute peace, peace that passeth understanding, Who would not fain have that peace? But where and how to get? Is it in possessing much, in eating and enjoying? Is it in the good things of life? Is it in fabulous luxuries, uncounted wealth, frightening power, or in much knowing? How does one get that absolute peace, which no weapons can destroy, which time does not impair?



The voice brings the intimation: "There is one who is the eternal reality among non-eternal objects, the only (truly) conscious entity among conscious objects, and who, though non-dual, fulfils the desires of many. Eternal peace belongs to the wise, who perceive Him within themselves—not to others".

And, who is not seeking the end of misery? But where is the end?

The voice comes soaring through time and space: "When men shall roll up space as if it were a piece of hide, only then will there be an end of misery without realising the Lord, who is without parts, without actions, tranquil, blameless, unattached, the supreme bridge to immortality, and like a fire that has consumed all its fuel".

Since it is never possible to roll up space as one does a piece of hide, it is utterly impossible to put an end to misery without knowledge of the Lord. Only when the impossible happens, will misery cease without one's realizing God in one's heart.

Why should this be so? Because the Infinite is bliss. There is no bliss in what is finite. The infinite alone is bliss.

### *Voice of thunder*

This voice has been coming to man from the heart of timelessness, sometimes in the plaintive melody of a flute, sometimes in

the startling suddenness of thunder, sometimes like the ray of the morning sun, sometimes like the beacon of the beloved.

Countless people from all positions and walks of life in all parts of the world have heard this voice down the ages and, in obedience to the call, have staked their all in search of God and also found Him. They, in effect, tell you in perfect unison in different languages: friend, go ahead, one day you will see Him. God is. We have seen Him in the heart of our hearts; we have seen Him in the chaos of this world; we have seen Him pervading the universe. And we do not know where He is not. He is shining, everything shines after Him. By His light, all this is lighted. Unseen, He makes everything visible, unrulled. He rules this universe.

### *Which Voice Should we Follow*

One voice says: Fool, matter is all that matters. God is not. Give up softheadedness. Cultivate your brain.

The other voice says: Friend, go ahead, one day you will see Him, God is. We have seen Him.

The first voice is strong, clear and appealing, and readily captures our heads and hearts. It is armed with reason, logic, and proof. It claims to serve the cause of truth alone.



The second voice is mild, mel-low and unarmed. It comes like the subtle fragrance of flow-ers blossoming on the trees of a distant forest. It fails to catch us; we fail to catch it.

Unless one is ready and pre-pared, one does not easily hear the second voice. There is such a thing as the time-factor. But as nobody knows whose time may have come for listening to this voice, continually there should be the study and the expo-sition of the scriptures, where the voice lies stilled. There-fore, in the Vedas, it is said that there should be no desisting from studying and expounding the scriptures.

Which of these two contrary voices is to be responded to in life, and worked for? This is the greatest question to be answered in every single life, specially in our critical times. Most of our inner conflicts at any time, specially in our times, arise from our incapacity to de-cide this issue. A whole life-time sometimes passes in in-decision and sitting on the fence, doing nothing with courage of conviction.

### *Matter and Spirit*

According to Dr. Jung's clini-cal view quoted above, many of the mental troubles arise from the failure to give proper place to eternal values (by which is meant spiritual values) in life.

Again, it is a fact that conflicts also arise from our failure to give proper place to temporal (or material) values in life.

If we accept only matter, mat-ter crushes us. If we accept only Spirit, Spirit swallows us. And we have to decide.

If we reject the Spirit, we shall die of poison whether it is of sensate living or of nuclear war. If we reject matter, we will die of starvation and inan-ition of body and mind, which are the products of matter. And we have to decide.

In Hindu, thought, we have a clear answer to this perplexing, but all-important issue. From the earliest times of his history, the Hindu has always felt fas-cinated watching the interdepen-dence between the eternal and the temporal in the scheme of the universe. In his poetry, in his drama, in his painting and sculpture, in his dance and song, the Hindu has always tried to give expression to this fascina-tion, this rhythm of the Absolute in the relative.

In the formulation of his religious doctrines and social philosophies, the Hindu, there-fore, has always tried to em-phazize the eternal values in the changing situations of life. Hav-ing known for certain that all this is verily Brahman, the Hindu vividly saw the manifestation of the eternal in the temporal, and understood the purpose of the



latter to be the attainment of the former. The temporal is the gateway to the eternal.

Hinduism is so definite in this regard that its says even the natural cravings of the flesh should be satisfied, controlled, directed, and conquered in such a way that they may serve the requirements of illumination.

### *Inner Nature*

In Swami Vivekananda's teachings, we have a modern seer's creative suggestion as to how we should respond to these two voices coming to us all the time and claiming our heads, hearts and souls. He says that the conquest of outer nature through the advancement of science is really a wonderful and glorious achievement of man. But more wonderful and glorious is man's conquest of his inner nature. The goal is to manifest the divine potentiality by controlling nature, external and internal.

Swami Vivekananda significantly calls those who reject the Spirit and ignore the conquest of inner nature as surface scientists. What is necessary today is to take through science and religion, a complete view of the Reality and to pattern human civilization in the light of that integral vision.

There is so much meaning in Sri Ramakrishna's simple saying:

"Do your duty with one hand and, with the other, hold on to God. After the duty is over, you will hold on to God with both hands".

If we want all the achievements of human civilization not to go to pieces; if we want the glorious attainments of our nation not to end in a senseless mess; if our personal life is not to be "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury and signifying nothing"—then there is no other way open than to follow this simple teaching of Sri Ramakrishna. □ □ □

**The man who is afraid to think searchingly upon his opinions, and to reason critically upon his position will have to develop moral courage before he can acquire discrimination.**

**A man must be true to himself, fearless with himself, before he can perceive the pure principles of Truth, before he can receive the all-revealing Light of Truth.**

**The more Truth is inquired of, the brighter it shines; it cannot suffer under examination and analysis.**

**The more error is questioned, the darker it grows; it cannot survive the entrance of pure and searching thought.**

**To "prove all things" is to find the good and to throw away the evil.**

**He who reasons and meditates learns to discriminate. He who discriminates discovers the eternal Truth.**



# Swami Budhananda

N. R. GOPALAKRISHAN

**SWAMI BUDHANANDA**, Secretary of the Ramakrishna Mission, New Delhi, who gave up his body on June 11, 1983 in Calcutta seldom talked about himself. Even in personal conversation, he confined himself to the matter on hand. As one committed to the welfare of the people, he, no doubt, met them gladly, listened to them, consoled them and, we imagine, prayed for them also. But he kept all this within a definite perspective and if one missed any effusiveness in him, he made it up by his utter sincerity and quiet concern. He spoke slowly, haltingly and, sometimes, almost in a whisper. Crowds were anonymous to him, individuals precious.



Though deeply learned in philosophy and comparative religion, his *forte* was to show the way to tackle the problems of life with the aid of religion. Swami Budhananda wrote extensively and on a variety of topics connected with religion in general and Vedanta in particular. He wrote hagiography also. These writings are spread over several years.

Swami Budhananda's passion for the propagation of his Master's message, the message of Vedanta was great. He was not eloquent on the platform, though scholarly. He was a sustained, serious writer never superficial



He wrote brochures, pamphlets, books and articles for periodicals. But he spared no effort to be perfect for whenever he committed any idea to paper. He wrote and re-wrote everything in his long hand. He was the despair of his printers, for he made changes even on the form-proof. He would not let go even a single word or phrase without satisfying himself with its appropriateness. He was not a stylist, but he was keen that the reader fully shared his enthusiasm for the subject he was writing on.

#### *Researcher's Eye*

Swami Budhananda had a researcher's eye for detail. He would not allow himself any casual remark. He will worry himself until he could substantiate each of his observations. He would not clutter his pages with footnotes, this being the result of his experience as Editor of 'Vedanta Kesari' and 'Prabuddha Bharata'.

Of his experiences as editor, Swami Budhananda spoke with feeling. He had definite views on how a periodical on religion in this country is to be conducted. He would say that if the journal concerned itself only with hair-splitting metaphysical questions, number after number, not even the most committed reader could put up with it. It should avoid the highbrow stuff and

publish stories, parables and anecdotes illustrating vedantic ideals. Swami Budhananda was eloquent about Vivekananda as a journalist.

Swami Budhananda's own effort has been wholly in line with his idea of popularising religious concepts and practices. The 'Sadhana' series is an apt example. These are small books on great themes. A few of the titles are, 'Universal Imperatives of the Bhagawad Gita,' 'How to Build Character,' 'True Religion Always Helps,' 'Why Man Needs Religion.' These are just four of the sixteen titles of the series. In 'Anger and its Conquest' Swami Budhananda supplements his discourses on the subject with the record of his dialogues with a parliamentarian, a neuro-surgeon, an industrialist and a business management specialist. Each raises with the Swami his particular problems and doubts about exhibition and control of anger and in his answers you have Budhananda at his best, analysing each point threadbare, suggesting practical control measures (fire-fighting technique, as he calls them in a certain session) and taking liberal help from the scriptures and other sources to give added weight to his suggestions. He almost enumerates steps, so practical is he. Similarly, another book of his in the making is based on a series of



extension lectures he initiated under the auspices of the Mission in 1980-81 on the timely subject 'Enlightened Citizenship'. The lectures were by important people and Swami Budhananda in his introduction cites, Socrates, Thirukkural, Asoka's edicts, the Gita and the Upanishads on citizenship.

A peep into his 'workshop' in the Mission premises will reveal the large number of manuscripts he has kept ready for printing and an equally large number he was working on with the painstaking diligence of a scholar half his age. Of late his health was none too good and his eyesight was failing, both inimical to sustained work. But the Swamiji never relaxed, never absented

himself from his desk.

Swami Budhananda was ordained by Swami Virajananda in 1940. He spent his *brahmacharya* period in the Madras Mutt primarily devoting himself to *Vedanta Kesari*. He then went abroad to work for the Mission in the United States. He was in charge of the Mayavati Advaita Ashram also. He came to New Delhi in 1976 and till his death he worked tirelessly for the Mission.

Suave, persuasive and deeply introspective, the Swamiji was a father-figure to all those who sought his counsel and guidance. He gave up his fleshy of sheath when the time came. No man was truer to his life's mission.

□ □ □

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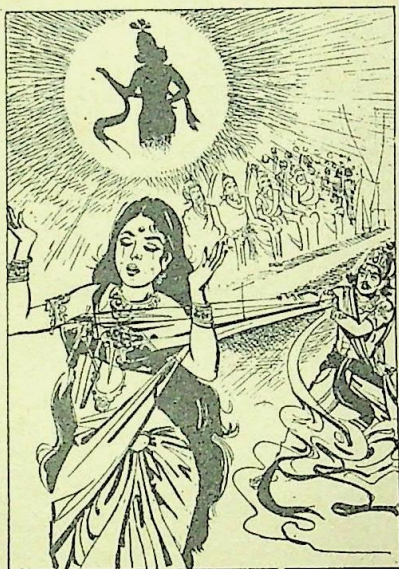
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# WHEN MAN FAILED AND GOD SAVED

S. K. PREMA

**V**YASA begins the Mahabharata with an episode relating to Ganga, personifying the greatest and holiest of Indian rivers. This is not just an accident. The river Ganges passes through intractable mountain crevices and inaccessible Himalayan forest. Similarly, the epic is replete with scenes of inexplicable actions and mystic moments. Even as the river Ganges surmounts all the obstacles in the way before it merges itself in the Ocean, the virtuous undergo suffering till their final emancipation. Just as it is difficult to traverse the course of the river Ganges in its entirety — from its source to the

sea — at one stretch, it is impossible to cover Mahabharata or the various characters in a single discussion.

One important thread that runs through the epic is the inevitability of defeat for the arrogant and the wicked, and victory for the adherents of dharma. When war became inevitable, both Arjuna and Duryodhana were anxious to enlist Sri Krishna's support. They hurried to Dwaraka. With folded arms, Arjuna sat at the feet of Krishna and sought His help in the impending war. Duryodhana, seated at His head, asked for Krishna's army and armaments. Each of them, of course, got



what he wanted. No wonder that the unfailing Divine help was on Arjuna's side.

We are able to see Divine Grace available at the right moment to all those who surrendered unto Him, the only qualification being that the surrender should be total and unqualified. When Draupadi was being humiliated by Dussasana, Draupadi clung to her saree and looked around for succour; but she found that there was no sign of any human power forthcoming to save her from humiliation. At the last minute she gave up hope of her husbands intervening and she held up both her hands in prayer and utter surrender calling out Krishna's name and fell into a trance. It must have been a wonderful sight for all those present then at the time — heaps and heaps of clothing falling from Draupadi's body.

In the same way the little ones of a 'Saranga' bird in Khandava forest were threatened with annihilation by an all-consuming forest fire. The little ones had not even grown wings. The mother bird was unable to carry them to a place of safety. The father bird had earlier deserted them. The mother bird advised the little ones to go into a rat-hole for safety but they refused. They requested the mother to fly away from the forest so that she can live and beget progeny

later on. The mother bird flew away while the four little ones squatted together and prayed to God to save them from what appeared to be certain death. A miracle ensued. The fire destroyed the entire forest but the little ones remained untouched.

### *At the cross-roads*

The epic also abounds in scenes where the more righteous men find themselves at the cross-roads — puzzled about the proper course to be taken in a particular situation, without offending principles of right conduct.

Bhishma, Drona and even Vidura had to face such situations, particularly when the inevitability of war between the cousins became obvious. They had to decide whether they should stay with the Kauravas, championing the unrighteous cause or to join the Pandavas, upholding righteousness. They were indebted to the Kauravas and so they decided to stay on in the Kaurava camp. They knew fully well that the Kauravas would be annihilated in the war and that dharma would eventually win. The enlightened souls tried, till their last breath, to secure peace. But they failed miserably. They got only ridicule and insults.

Perhaps, their attitude was influenced also by their anxiety to teach a lesson to the world that



unrighteousness cannot succeed.

In the midst of the battle, Arjuna had to face another dilemma. He was concentrating on fulfilling his vow to kill Jayadratha when Krishna called his attention to the scuffle between Satyaki and Bhoorisravas. Bhoorisravas had overpowered Satyaki and thrown him to the ground. Arjuna had to act quickly. If he had ignored the danger to Satyaki, he would have been faithless to one who had come to his (Arjuna's) rescue. Arjuna decided to save the situation; he sent an arrow which cut off Bhoorisravas's right hand, poised for the final blow on Satyaki.

To attack Bhoorisravas in this manner was a violation of the code of warfare agreed upon at the commencement of the war. Bhoorisravas was not even looking at Arjuna. But Arjuna's defence was that the code of warfare could not apply to Bhoorisravas who had grossly violated dharma and the code of warfare in having trampled upon Satyaki's prostrate body and attempted to kill him at a moment when he was lying down dis-

armed. Another reason offered by Arjuna was that he had taken a vow that anyone coming within the range of his arrow would be killed. Bhoorisravas had no reply to Arjuna's arguments on these lines.

Yudhishtira, of all persons, took to gambling. He knew that gambling was bad and that it might lead to sinful deeds, even though playing dice may not be itself a sin. But he agreed to play because, otherwise, he would be violating the principle of Kshatriya conduct not to shy away from a challenge and his refusal to play would amount to disobedience to an elder as Dhritarashtra had asked him to play. Dhritarashtra was Yudhishtira's uncle and was respected by the latter as his own father. Thus we see that the manner in which Yudhishtira tried to get over his dilemma was obviously not the correct one. His decision was responsible for all the troubles that followed. Perhaps, the decision was made more in a playful mood rather than in a prayerful spirit — as if to underline the motto 'In vain without God.' □ □ □

*We see our reflections in a mirror. In a row of mirrors, thousands of reflections are seen. It is only one person who sees all these reflections. The One who resides within us and who sees all this, is God. The seer is the cause of all the seen. That cause is knowledge which is the basis of this world. Where is that knowledge? Within you.*

—Kanchi Paramacharya



# Here and There

V. S. R. K.



## *Mystics!*

**DO MYSTICS** have anything in common with cricket players? A British sports columnist has found the connection. Commenting on the victory of the Indian team over the Windies at Lord's that took them to the top in the world of cricket, the writer said that the 'Indian mystics had walked through fire'. Another pointed out that 'India has performed one of the most mystical acts in her

long cricket history.' To those familiar with the somewhat pompous language of cricket commentators this is nothing new. Cricket, more than any other game, excites everyone without distinction of age and circumstance. The vicarious thrill and joy experienced is great, whether the spectator is right on the cricket field or thousands of miles away watching the game in the T.V. or listening to the radio.



(From L. to R.): **Kapil Dev, Mohindar Amarnath, Srikkant and Viv Richards**



The way we reacted to the thrilling finish of the Prudential Cup final match was to be expected as the game is 'firmly rooted in our affections'. Kapil Dev and his merry men have been showered with well-deserved praise for turning what appeared to be a tame game into an event to remember. The batting honours should go to Srikkanth on our side (for 38 runs) and to Richards on the other (for a sparkling 33). Mohinder Amarnath is, of course, the Man of the Match, taking three wickets for only 12 runs in seven overs. The Windies, as their skipper Clive Lloyd pointed out, 'all performed like millionaires to whom a paltry 183 was no target at all.'

An Indian sports writer had taken exception to the description of our team as 'mystics' and our tendency to quote the Western press without a second thought. 'Do they quote us?', he has asked. Why should they? We are no match to the English commentators in phrase-making, whether it is in politics or in cricket. We stick to conventional language generally but occasional literary flourishes are not uncommon. The commentators fed on a strong diet of Neville Cardus and Jack Fingleton, though not always clear, do make us happy with elegant turns of expression and colourful poetic phrases. Here are a

few samples.

About C. K. Nayudu:

"The groundling, the man in the street, was struck with rapture as he saw the ball flying about in the Empyrean and he realised that cricket was an instrument of pleasure, not some remote ritual imported by the foreigners."

"Merchant was calm, grave, classical, the nearest approach to the glories of Indian religious art."

"Amarnath was a true child of protest ... His strokes reverberated and thrilled the senses like exotic flowers."

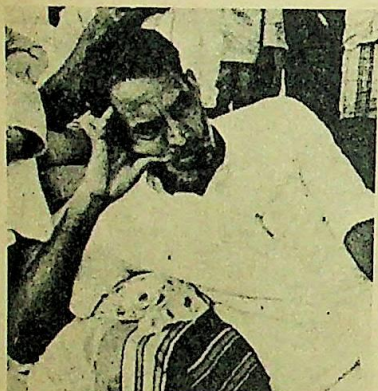
"His (Hazare's) cover drive was a sight for the Gods."

After all these, I would love to go over again R. K. Narayan's description of the village cricket in his "Swami and Friends."

### *Padayatra*

One of the miracles of modern India is the persistence, albeit marginally, of the Gandhian influence on a few of our political leaders. One of them is Shri Chandra Shekhar, the Janata Party President whose Bharat Yatra on foot came to an end on June 25. It was a tired, foot-sore Chandra Shekhar that reached Rajghat after a six-month-long walk covering 4,000 km from the land's end. 'The Young Turk' of the 60s is now a mature politician who has





Chandra Shekhar

gained a more intimate knowledge of people's problems or, in his own words, has had a "direct perception of truth." Addressing a meeting at Ramlila grounds in Delhi, Shri Chandra Shekhar called upon the people to have at least three educated persons in each village to:

- (i) ensure that each village gets potable water in three years;
- (ii) ensure that basic health facilities are made available to each village, especially the expectant and nursing mothers;
- (iii) create awareness about providing education to every child as his birth-right and become an instrument in compelling the society to provide schools;
- (iv) ensure justice to the members of minorities

and weaker sections;  
and

- (v) weave communal integration in the social system of the region.

Here in a nutshell are the problems that the country has to tackle if the 80 per cent of our people who live in the rural areas are to have a better life.

Reactions to Shri Chandra Shekhar's efforts to get into direct touch with the people and their problems have been varied. What is now important is the manner in which follow-up action is taken in regard to the proposed youth centres. There appears to be no cause for cynicism or despair if co-operation from the Government side is also forthcoming. Gandhiji and Vinoba Bhave have already shown that, given the will and determination, nothing is beyond our reach.

If leaders like Shri Chandra Shekhar set out on long walks for a purpose, we humble folk may have to content ourselves with short walks to rid ourselves, as G. M. Trevelyan pointed out in a delightful essay, "of all bad thoughts or useless worries." Immanuel Kant, (1724-1804), the German philosopher, was a great walker and his neighbours, it is said, knew that it was half past three when Kant in his grey coat, cane in hand, appeared at the door of his house and started to-



wards a small avenue of linden trees which was called "The Philosopher's Walk" at Konigsburg, Prussia.

### *Rural Market*

While Shri Chandra Shekhar, after his Padayatra, has drawn our attention to the deplorable aspects of our rural life, Dr. A.S. Ganguly, in his Chairman's speech at the annual meeting of Hindustan Lever, struck a more optimistic note. Dr. Ganguly has stressed the need for tapping the rural market through better communication, trading and distribution. He has, no doubt, recognised that income distribution is extremely uneven and that the top five per cent of the farmers' land-holdings account for 57 per cent of the cultivated area and the top 10 per cent of the population account for about 37 per cent of the expenditure on consumer goods. Added to this is the fact that out of 5, 76,000 villages 79 per cent have a population of less than 1,000 each and 80 per cent do not have all-weather roads. On the basis of a regression analysis, Dr. Ganguly reckons that for a one per cent increase in marketable surplus of foodgrains there is 0.7 per cent rise in consumption.

Few will pick a bone with Dr. Ganguly in his assessment of the potentialities of the rural market. But before the potential is rea-

lised massive rural investment in agriculture, industry and infrastructure, as pointed out by Shri Chandra Shekhar, is necessary. But then what is the result of the investment in the past? Will our readers who have first-hand knowledge of specific rural areas write to us?

### *Elephants*

A recent visitor to the Central Bhavan was Shri Sohrab Modi, the film producer of yester-year who made history come alive on the silver screen. His 'Sikander' in Hindi released in 1941 had so great a nationalistic appeal that the military authorities banned its screening in some contonment areas. Now in his 80's, Shri Modi retains something of his youthful vigour and charm. In a pleasant half-an-hour chat, Shri Modi was full of anecdotes — a sign of dotage, said a wag, is anecdotage. One of them was about an elephant which Shri Modi had hired for a film. The elephant was to be fed on sugarcane but the storeman, finding it difficult to get it nearby, let the animal starve. This denial made the elephant defiant even to the mahout. When Shri Modi found out the reason, he made the storesman run round for the juicy sticks. A grumbling storekeeper got a few bundles and threw them before the elephant. Did the elephant hear the man's mutterings?





A scene from 'Sikander, 1941'

The elephant collected the bundles and hurled them away. It needed some coaxing to make the animal eat again.

We have plenty of elephant stories, especially about their remarkable memory. In Malayalam Kottarathil Sankunni has retold a number of interesting

stories in his 'Aitihiyamala.'

Are not our elephants the most beautiful in the world? An African friend, familiar with the massive animal in his land, would not agree. Well, we have different conceptions of beauty in different parts of the world.

□ □ □

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*Simply to do what we ought is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue, build the most worshipping temple, dream out the most enchanting combination of melody and harmony.*

—G. MacDonald



# North and South Indian Music

T. C. SATYANATH

IT was Oscar Wilde who once said that "there is everything in common between England and America except, of course, the language". Oscar Wilde was, no doubt, making a fine point about the manner in which English is spoken across the Atlantic and the idioms and words, some of which have different connotations.

Carnatic and Hindustani music have often been compared to two branches of the same tree. In fact, until Haripala wrote his *Sangeeta Sudhakara* between 1309 and 1312, there has been no mention that two separate systems existed.

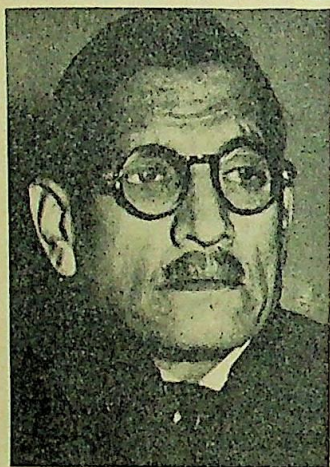
Really speaking, it was a genius by name Amir Khusrau who transformed Hindustani music into what it is today. He died at the age of 70 in 1324. His father was a Turk and his



The Author

mother, a Hindu. He was a scholar in Persian, Sanskrit, and Brij Bhasha. It was Khusrau who innovated the Khayal, Ghazal, Tarana, Qawwali and many other forms. And it was he who improvised the Sitar from





**Ustad Vilayat Khan**

the Veena, and the Tabla from the Mridangam.

While in Carnatic music, the Melakarta system covered, along with the Janya ragas, most of the permutations and combinations and nuances of the Swaras, there are still many Hindustani ragas which do not exist in the South; like the many varieties of Sarang, Malhar, Todi; nor are there ragas which correspond to, say, Bhimpalasi, Piloo, Gara and several others. Many of these like Mand and Pahadi have evolved from folk music.

There have been many adoptions of Carnatic ragas by the North. Take Hamsadhwani, for instance. Some decades ago, Ustad Amaan Ali Khan com-

posed a piece in this raga, which was an exact replica of Dikshitar's 'Vatapi Ganapatim bhaje-ham.' A few years later, Ustad Amir Khan made it a favourite concert raga of his and even composed a taraana (or Til-lana).

The transmutation would appear to be complete, from the ease with which Ustad Salamat Ali Khan and Ustad Nazakat Ali Khan of Pakistan sang it, in their own unique style.

Pandit Ravi Shankar has been in the vanguard of this trend. With much success, he has inducted many Carnatic music ragas like Charukesi, Simhendramadhyam and others.

No doubt, there are a few instances of Hindustani music ragas like Desh and Mand having been adopted by Carnatic music. But these have not really become major concert ragas.

I must mention here, without going into details, that in Hindustani music, compositions for vocal and instrumental music are entirely separate. In vocal music, they are called *khayals*, which really means, an idea or, just 'a piece.' It may consist of only four lines which may not necessarily be profound in ideas.

Hindustani music is also *not* devotional, like Carnatic music. And, there is a time theory, by which specific ragas can only be performed during specified hours



of the day or night ... or even seasons of the year! Thus, you will never hear a *Malkaus*, (which is the Carnatic Hindolam) in the morning, or a *Todi*, in the evening.

The compositions for *instrumental* music are called *gats*, which are a set sequence of notes of a raga, just long enough, or short enough to cover an *avartanam* or *tala* cycle.

In Carnatic music, one finds a system, which might appear strange to a Hindustani music-lover. You would hear a veena or a violin concert consisting entirely of renditions of compositions by Thyagaraja, Shyama Shastri, Dikshitar, or Swati Thirunal. Here, the instrumentalist aims to simulate a vocal concert thereby showing his mastery.

There are many ragas in Hindustani music and Carnatic music which have similar names and *swara* sequences, or *arohanās* and *avarohanās*. Like *Jinjoti* and *Jenjuhuti*, *Jaijaiwanti* and *Dvijavanti*, *Kamāj* and *Kamāsh*.

And there are ragas with similar notes or *swarās*, but with different names. Like *Mohanam* and *Bhoopali*, *Valaji* and *Kalāvati*, *Māyamālavagaulam* and *Bhairav*, or *Karaharapriya* and *Kāfi* and, naturally, hundreds of others: because their origins were the same, but their breeding grounds were different

—like the English spoken in different countries.

The structure of a vocal music concert in the North is also different. As accompaniments there are the *Sarangi* and the *Tabla*. But they do not enjoy the importance or status of the Violin or the *Mridangam* as in



Tansen



Carnatic music. And lately, one finds the harmonium pushing aside the Sarangi and coming to the forefront.

The singer starts with a *ati vilambit laya khayal* in a major raga and progresses, note by ascending note, unravelling



Tyagaraja



Muthuswami Dikshitar



Syama Sastri



Swati Tirunal



every aspect of the raga, in the lower, middle and upper *sthāyis*, showing the depth and range of his voice with the gamakas, the *laya ālaps* (using the vowels only), *bol ālaps* (like *niraval*), *sargam* (*swarapras-thāna*) and *briga*. He does not keep the *tāla* with his hands. This is the main rôle of the tabla accompanist.

After this, he would switch to a *drut khayāl*, in a faster tempo, followed, perhaps, with a *tarāna* in an even faster tempo. As concluding items, he may sing a Thumri or a Bhajan. A Thumri is a romantic piece consisting of about four or even two lines mostly dealing with

the pangs of separation, loneliness, and longing for the beloved. The more popular ragas for a Thumri are Piloo, Kāfi, Kamāj, Mānd, Gāra and other lighter varieties. Like *Madhyamāvati* in Carnatic music, Bhairavi is considered an appropriate raga for concluding a concert. I must, however, mention that, before the *khayal* came into vogue, the Dhrupad style was very much in existence, with the *mridangam* or the larger *pakhāwaj* as percussion accompaniment. This style still exists, but the exponents are becoming rarer.

□ □ □

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## Birth Centenary Tribute

# FRANZ KAFKA

MAHENDRA N. PANDIA

**T**HERE are novelists whose works have been studied as period-pieces and there are others whose writings portray the man; but in Franz Kafka we have a sensitive author whose every word is an echo of his inner self; his writings are transparently autobiographical and take us deep into the recesses of his wounded soul, lacerated by the traumatic conditions both at his home and in the outside world.

The world in which he grew up was post first World War and he, in consequence, became a victim of its heart-searing tragedies — frustration, isolation, humiliation, neglect, weak or non-existent family ties. Frail in health and thirsting for affection, for a sense of belong-

ing, he naturally turned to his parents to be deeply disappointed; instead, he felt himself despised, and this bred in him a feeling of inferiority. His mind was torn between love and fear, even hate and respect, and having very few or no outlets, these prayed upon his inner self and affected his writings.

A frenzied, fevered soul, he worked in a semi-governmental office till his failing health made it impossible to carry on, and these, too, cast a thick, dark shadow across his life denying him the fulfilment in marriage, of his love on more than one occasion. Hence, one can readily understand the tone of his fiction and the attitude displayed, for that is where he could give free expression to his mute and agonising suffering.



And though he did this more than once, we would have heard little of it if his friend, Max Bredy, had not "defied" his wishes and so released to the world many of his unpublished works posthumously! He recognised the great potential these had for Kafka's reputation, and hence went counter to his late companion's desires and made it thus possible for him to have global fame.

On the first centenary of his birth (he was born on July 3, 1883) it is proper that the contributions of both are duly remembered and thus grateful homage is paid to their memory. Kafka has written letters, stories and novels, diaries and it is there that we see the man behind the silent mask. On of the stories, "The metamorphosis," is startling in its narration, for it dwells on a self-created conviction that grows out of experiences, sad and painful, garnered over the years, causing a fixation to be generated in the recesses of the sub-conscious. Georg Samsa wakes up one morning to find himself transformed into a monstrous beetle! He has harboured this thought for some time owing to the impervious and slighting treatment he has been subjected to by his parents (particularly his father) and now feels that the worst has occurred. But there is no sympathy or shock in the family; he is

pushed aside as so much garbage and the family carries on as before — his change and death causing not one ripple!

A similar apathy on the father's part is noticed in "The Verdict" where the son is sentenced to death by drowning by the father, and the son (Georg Bandemann) abjectly jumps to his death from a bridge, emphasising both the ruthlessness of the one and the utter helplessness and self-effacement of the other.

This crass cruelty or total indifference of the father is seen in every tale and when there is no real father, some father-figure replaces him to carry forward the same message. Thus in "America" Karl Rossman (banished from his homeland for a minor sexual offence by his all powerful father) finds employment in a hotel in the States, but is dismissed therefrom by the head waiter for a slight derelection. This waiter is a father-figure and Karl sees no point in arguing when "there is no goodwill." This is followed by his being turned out from the room where the singer, Brunel, has her residence. This is a flashback to the night when his father had bodily lifted him and put him for the night in the balcony to shiver, for asking for water as a small child. Thus this attitude towards his father, which never betrays love, is ever present in all narratives. He is



shown as omnipotent and uncharitable towards his son and gloating over the fall of his offspring with the mother a silent and perhaps a concurring witness to what happens! Therefore it is clear why his home was never a place of welcome to him. "It is only a place of refuge, where I can hide my inner turmoil, only to fall all the more into its clutches," he had said. Conflict and absence of harmony and peace were its prominent features and they shaped his outlook casting a black shadow across his life and literature.

### *Religious Views*

His religious views were also not quite dissimilar from those about his parents. God was unapproachable and omnipotent and possibly did not care what happened to his creations. At least that was what his two protagonists thought while going down in the struggle as shown in "The Trial" and "The Castle." The latter speaks of a land surveyor trying in vain to establish contact with his employer, Count Westwest, who remains invisible all the time. K, the surveyor, in this allegory stands for man attempting to reach salvation but failing in his efforts. As he lies on his death bed exhausted and forlorn, he receives a message to the effect that though he has no right to reside on the estate, he is per-

mitted to do so as a special case; but this message has come too late to be of any comfort to him, for he dies soon after.

In the other novel, Joseph K, a bank employee, is for no reason arrested and the trial goes on and on; he does not know on what charge he has been taken into custody nor is he told who his judges are. He is, however, permitted to live his life in the usual way when on the eve of his 31st birthday he is accosted by two strangers one of whom holds him while the other stabs him to death! He has lost all desire or strength to fight back and he resigns himself to this sad end without a murmur, recognising his powerlessness in the face of those inscrutable and potent forces — thus underlining man's utter helplessness before the unseen and inexplicable factors that govern his existence here on earth.

Thus, man is in a manner of speaking, like flies to wanton boys, a sport of the Immortals, who do not seem to care about his weal or woe! Thus Kafka's literature is of a nature that saddens the heart and weighs down the mind in deep dejection, for man does not find happiness at home in the bosom of the family during infancy or later and hears no encouraging word from the Powers that control his destiny. But this is not pessimism or mere dark depres-



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sion. It is a studied attempt to portray contemporary life without frills and fopperies, as he saw it and lived it; he fortifies the human spirit against the heavy odds that life presents and which man has to confront inescapably.

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1. WHO created the following characters?

- (a) Peter Pan (b) Dr. John Watson (c) Sam Weller (d) William Brown (e) Hercule Poirot (f) Quosimodo (g) Lemuel Gulliver (h) Sancho Panza (i) Tom Sawyer (j) Dennis the Menace (k) Nora Helmer (l) Lord Emsworth.

2. Which of Shakespeare's characters said the following?

(a) These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air;

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision

The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind.

We are such stuff

As dreams are made on and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.

(b) To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death.

Out, out, brief candle!

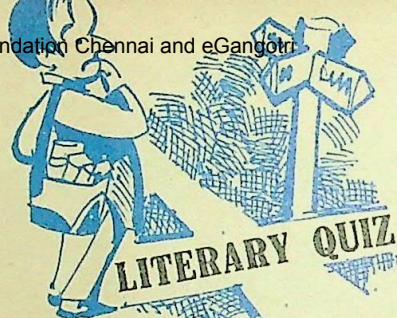
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

And then is heard no more.

It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.



MAHENDRA N. PANDIA

(c) Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety; other women cloy

The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry

Where most she satisfies; for vilest things

Become themselves in her; that the holy priests bless her when she is riggish.

(d) Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us shall we not revenge?

(e) Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interr'd with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:



If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

(f) I pray you, in your letters,

When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice; then you must speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well;

Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand;

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

Dropt tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their medicinal gum.

3. (a) This 18th century woman novelist had a very narrow range of exposure to social life and so confined her fiction mostly to what she was familiar with: marriage, balls, social calls, and the like. The novel which made her famous had to wait for years before it could find a publisher and yet now her work is described as six inches of ivory delicately carved for she wrote six major novels. Who was she?

(b) This man, himself a poet, fell in love with another poet by reading her poems, married her secretly, and took her to Italy, as she was an invalid and had been told by her father she would never recover. There she lived a happy and healthy life for some years before she died. Name him.

(c) Undeterred by poverty and ill-health, failing eye-sight and lack of assistance, this writer of poems, criticism, biographies, exposed the hypocrisy of literary patrons by writing a strong letter to the Press, when his "Dictionary" was praised after publication by a "patron" who had done precious little when his help would have been really welcome. What was his name?

(d) All his life this Scottish novelist was bed-ridden and so he vicariously performed those adventures which he could not go through himself. His characters thus go in search of hidden treasures, fight pirates on the ocean waves, pass through fearful situations. In one of his longish short stories this stylist (for he was that also) showed how man has both Good and Evil in him and how he easily turns to the latter if he gives himself to it without exercising great caution. He is equally famous and recognisable by his initials. What are they?

(e) Called the Organ voice of England, this champion of Liberty and a deep Classical scholar, wrote his immortal poem when he had lost his eye sight and lived in constant fear of arrest for his political views. In this work which he dictated to his daughters — for he could not see to write — he claimed that he was doing something unattempted yet in prose and rhyme, and further that he was therein trying to justify the ways of God to man, How do people know him?

(f) Though no cartographer has yet shown this place on his map, it has a very definite exist-



ence in the minds of the readers of this Indian novelist's works. It has a variety of people living in it, all human and it has been carefully planned with a statue to a British baronet and an extension named after him. He began his career by writing short stories, then went on to novels and has even written a "dateless" diary. Identify him.

(g) After working in a bank for a little while, this novelist left for the States when his writing was accepted there and well paid for; he then returned to England and created several highly lovable characters, including a gentleman's personal gentleman who helped his employer in all cases when he was in trouble as he always was, by studying the psychology of the individual. This novelist, during the second World War lost all his popularity due to an innocently made broadcast from enemy territory; he then settled in the U.S. But shortly before his death a decade ago, he was honoured by his Queen with a knighthood, thus officially end-

ing "the disfavour" under which he had remained for about three decades. Can you recognise him?

Q. 1 a — Sir James Barrie  
b — Arthur Conan Doyle c — Charles Dickens d — Richmal Crompton e — Agatha Christie f — Victor Hugo g — Dean Swift h — Cervantes i — Mark Twain j — Hank Ketcham k — Ibsen l — P. G. Wodehouse.  
Q. 2 a — Prospero in "The Tempest" b — Macbeth c — Enobarbus in "Antony and Cleopatra" d — Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" e — Antony in "Julius Caesar" f — Othello.  
Q. 3 a — Jane Austen b — Robert Browning (Elizabeth Barrett) c — Samuel Johnson d — Robert Louis Stevenson (R.L.S.) e — John Milton (Paradise Lost) f — R. K. Narayan (Malgudi) g — P. G. Wodehouse.

## ANSWERS:

He who seeks pleasure devoid of gain or virtue is akin to him who sleeps at the top of a tree and wakes up only when he falls below.

\* \* \*

Who will be so apathetic as to refuse a request politely made.

\* \* \*

A suppliant seeking refuge, be he a friend or a foe, should be given protection by the high-souled, even at the risk of losing his life if need be.

\* \* \*

There is no man that does not err.

\* \* \*

He ranks first among men who commences to do an act after mature deliberation with his friends and relations and relies on Providence for his success.



---

*Shri Palagummi Padmaraju leapt into fame with a single short story titled 'Cyclone' early in the fifties. Since then he had become a literary force to reckon with in the Telugu-speaking world. He passed away in New Delhi on February 17, 1983.*

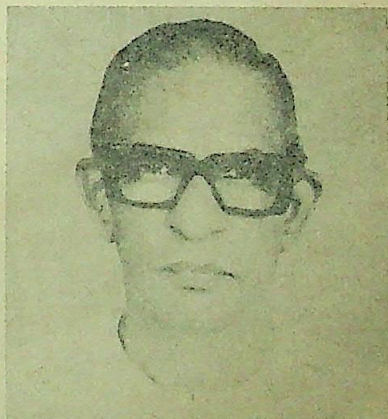
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## Padmaraju's Place in Telugu Literary World

D. ANJANEYULU

**M**ENTION the name of Padmaraju to a casual Telugu reader. And you are sure to encounter the question: "You mean the writer who won a world prize in the short story competition!" True, Shri Padmaraju did win the second prize in the world short story competition held by the *New York Herald Tribune*. But that was way back in 1952. The story was titled "Cyclone" (*Gaalivaana*).

The story could be taken as a sharp study of human behaviour under the impact of the elemental forces of nature. A middle-aged, respectable government official, of conventional morals, travelling by train finds himself stranded in the waiting room of a wayside station, because of a violent cyclone. In normal times, he would not have glanced at



Sri Padmaraju

any woman, other than his wife. He spends the night there happily in the company of a beggar-woman, his only companion in that situation of distress. He wakes up the next morning to find himself surrounded by the



debris, a result of the cyclone havoc. His companion for the night is found dead in that debris. He feels sad and grateful. He leaves his purse near the body, before he goes out on his way.

The author must have written a hundred-odd stories after that, some possibly better. Most of them have been published in reputed periodicals. Not only stories, but poems, novels, one-act plays and full-length dramas. He had written for all the different mass media, the stage and the screen, the radio and the press. In fact, he has been a writer for the films for the last three decades. But the old image persists — that of a prize-winning short-story writer.

He had won prizes for his film stories too. Two of the films, for which he had written the story and the dialogues, '*Bangaaru Paapa*' (based on the story of *Silas Marner*) and '*Bhagya Rekha*' had won the Presidential award, while '*Rangula Ratnam*' had won the State award for the story. All of them were directed by the late Shri B. N. Reddi, who had a high regard for him. In more recent years, he wrote stories and dialogues for the Producer-Director, Desari Narayana Rao. Like his literary mentor, Shri D. V. Krishna Sastri, Shri Padmaraju cared more for quality than for quantity. He had chosen not to be too proli-

fic. (In more senses than one, because he had only two children — both daughters.)

Born on 24 June, 1915 at Tirupathipuram in West Godavari District, Shri Padmaraju was trained to be a scientist. After taking the M.Sc. Degree in Chemistry from the Banaras Hindu University, he started his career in the teaching profession. He first worked as a Lecturer in Chemistry in the then P.R. College at Kakinada from 1939 to 1945. For the next five or more years, he was head of the Department of Chemistry at the Bhimavaram College until he shifted his scene of activity to Madras in 1952, as a full-time writer.

### *First Story*

The first story by him was called '*Subbi*', the English version of which was published in the *Triveni Quarterly* in 1938. The Telugu original was later published in '*Bharati*', the well-known literary monthly.

Shri Burda V. Subrahmanyam, then Editor in charge of '*Triveni*', recalls his impression of Shri Padmaraju:

"...He read out many of his stories to me. I think his stories have a special quality, which is, however, rather difficult to describe. ... Among the younger short story writers who seek to depict rural life with realism and sympathy, Shri Padmaraju is the most



important. But he is not completely a man from the village. So far he has written stories looking at the village through the eyes of a townsman. But his eyes are not quite those of a townsman either. There is no story-writer who has so far excelled him. I hope that, in course of time, he will be able, like Sarat in Bengali and the novelists of Europe, to look at urban life and rural life with an equal eye and do ample justice to them both in literature. This hope makes me look upon him as the most competent of our short story-writers."

This hope was expressed over a generation ago. No reader of Shri Padmaraju's stories and novels will have any doubt that it has been amply fulfilled. There are many outstanding stories of his that probe the depths of the human subconscious in depicting the apparent contrariness of feminine nature. '*On the Boat*' is one of them (included in the Sahitya Akademi's anthology). It shows how the village woman persists in the attachment to her man, in spite of all that he does to her. '*Pantam*' ('Rivals'), translated into English by the present writer, is another. Many more remain to be rendered in English, Hindi and other Indian languages. Unlike many of those now in vogue, his sto-

ries are marked by a well-developed sense of form.

In the novels, three or four of them so far published, Shri Padmaraju has shown a lot of variety in theme and treatment. From the farcical to the political, from stark realism to social analysis, from contemporary ideas to native wit and traditional wisdom, he has revealed an expertness and maturity in the different types. '*Bratikina Kaleji*' ('A Live Menagerie') is a rollicking Wodehousian comedy, which no one can fail to enjoy. '*Nalla Regadi*' (Black Soil) has the spotlight on the political factions in the countryside. The author tries his hand at political satire in '*Rendava Asokudi Moonnaalla Paalana*' (The Three-day Rule of Asoka II) sketched against a recognisable contemporary Indian background. It reminds some readers of a later novel of John Steinbeck in the lighter vein. Obviously the most ambitious of his novels is the one entitled '*Ramarajyaaniki Rahadaari*' (The Highway to Ramarajya). It is planned in a series of two or three volumes, of which only the first has come out. It seeks to capture the complex panorama of the freedom movement in Andhra in all its lights and shades on a wide canvas. (Shri Padmaraju has a number of unpublished works, for he was not the sort of writer, so common in



our midst, trying always to promote his own works).

### *Precise and Elegant*

The prose style of Shri Padmaraju is simple yet subtle, easy and idiomatic. Precision and elegance are his watchwords in this connection; not a preoccupation with either show of erudition or contrived naturalness, with a borrowed touch of folksiness which is sometimes favoured for the sake of changing fashion. Utterly unpretentious was his style. The style was the man in his case, more than many others, among his contemporaries.

An ardent admirer of the poetry of Krishna Sastri, Shri Padmaraju tried his hand at poetry in his early years. He wrote a few good poems. At least two of them, in free verse, have found a place in the well-known poetic anthology, '*Kalpana*', edited by Anisetti Subba Rao and others. They are — '*Cheekati*' (Darkness) and '*Puriti Paata*' (Ballad of Birth). In the first, the poet says in an apostrophe:

*"Darkness! Darkness! Thou  
art not emptiness,  
Thou art the motion  
Of the finest rays of light  
Beyond Human sight  
Behind your nothingness  
Is but Sharpness."*

Among the stage plays written by him are '*Raktha Kanneeru*',

'*Bikaari Ramudu*' and '*Paapam Pandindi*'. The first is a powerful drama adopted from the original in Tamil, popularised by M. R. Radha and party. The Telugu version has earned a vogue through Nagabhushanam and party. '*Velugu Needalu*' (light and shade), '*Shantinivasam*', '*Inti Alludi Katha*' and '*Kaliyani Daarulu*' (Divergent paths) are four of his other important plays. He had written nearly 50 radio plays, of which '*Nindi-nela*' (literally 'Earth and Sky'), on land ceilings, is one of the most recent.

Shri Padmaraju was a critic as well as a creative writer. He had done some translations, his own stories into English and from other languages into Telugu. As a student of politics, he laid great store by individual liberty and personal integrity. He was nobody's hero-worshipper. But he had great admiration for the statesmanship of Rajaji with his maturity of understanding and shrewdness of judgment. For some time, he was editing a Telugu periodical, '*Anveshana*' (meaning "Quest"), broadly on the lines of the English journal, *Quest*.

In one or two important characteristics, Shri Padmaraju struck me as different from the common run of Telugu writers. Quite a few of them need little or no provocation to talk about themselves and their work in



season and out — about what they had written, what they are writing and what they propose to write. Gentle, refined and receding by temperament, Shri Padmaraju was reluctant to talk about himself, unless prodded by his interrogator. Not a few of the successful writers of either sex do not seem to care much for reading, apart from their own books, of course! Unless you happen to be an unqualified admirer of the writers concerned, you would not find much in their conversation to sustain your interest. Shri Padmaraju, on the contrary, was surprisingly well read in contemporary works as well as the classics, in English as well as in Telugu and Sanskrit. His conversation was enjoyable for his native wit and wide range and variety of interests. What

was more, he was a man of character — a man of lasting friendships and steady, personal loyalties.

Modern in outlook, and authentic in idiom, Shri Padmaraju was one of the most thoughtful and sensitive writers in Telugu. Not easily carried away by the political and social slogans that might hold the field for a time, he was capable of projecting 'unpopular' opinions. If there was any ideological influence discernible in his make-up, it was broadly that of M. N. Roy. But he was no typical Royist. For he thought for himself and provoked his readers to think for themselves. He was an extraordinarily cultivated writer; and what was rarer still, an extremely civilized man. □ □ □

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**A N D T H E I R B R A N C H E S**



# Brother Gopal

VASANTI

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor widow in the village of Jalpur. She had a son aged eight years called Navnit. She earned her living by selling firewood and cowdung cakes to the peoples of the village, besides doing odd jobs like sweeping and cleaning and washing for them. She did not earn very much for the people themselves were poor folk. She was just able to keep herself and her son alive.

However, she desired to send Navnit to school, which was in the next village a mile away. One morning she took him there and admitted him, then came away asking him to come home by himself in the evening. The road lay through a small jungle, and Navnit, who had never left his village, felt afraid of the tall trees that screened the sky. In the evening the jungle looked





even more gloomy and dark, and Navnit shivered as he crossed it.

That night Navnit, with tears in his eyes, said to his mother, "Mother, I am so afraid of crossing the jungle. You must come with me."

The poor widow could only cry. Embracing her son she said, "My son, you must be brave and go to school, for only if you study can you earn a living."

"But Mother, the owls screech in the jungle and the trees are so tall they cover the sky. There may be ghosts or snakes in the jungle," sobbed Navnit.

"Do not be afraid," said his mother. "There is nothing in the jungle to hurt you."

Next morning she prayed before her humble altar, where a small brass image of Lord Krishna was worshipped with wild flowers and tulsi leaves. "Lord Gopal, protector of the poor, kindly help Navnit go to school."

Then she had an inspiration. She called Navnit and told him, "Look, you have an elder brother. His name is Gopal and he lives in the jungle. Remember his name and call out to him and he will protect you in the jungle."

"Oh Mother, have I really got an elder brother? Why didn't you tell me all these days? Now I will meet him and play with

him." Navnit was so excited. "Now I will run off to school," he said and ran away without hearing his mother's "Wait, Navnit..."

Navnit reached the jungle but did not find his elder brother Gopal anywhere. So he sat down and sobbed, "My brother Gopal, where are you?"

At once there was a tall fair boy by his side, who spoke in a sweet voice, "Here I am, brother Navnit."

Navnit heard the sweet voice and looked up at the smiling face and dancing eyes, the black curls and peacock's feather, and wiping his eyes said, "Oh, are you really my elder brother Gopal?"

"Yes," said the fair boy, smiling. "I am indeed your elder brother Gopal."

"Then, then..." said Navnit, "I am so afraid to cross the jungle. Kindly lead me through it."

"Come with me," said Gopal, and took little Navnit's hand in his own.

"You look like a cowherd boy," said Navnit, observing the little bamboo flute and driving stick.

"Yes, I am a cowherd," said Gopal, and together they walked through the jungle laughing and chattering.

After the jungle was crossed, Navnit turned to Gopal and asked, "Will you be here in the



evening and every day?"

Gopal smiled, and patting Navnit affectionately said, "I will always be here for you. Come into the jungle and call 'Gopal! Gopal!' loudly and I will be with you in a few seconds.

That evening Navnit ran home to his mother after crossing the jungle with Gopal and excitedly told her of his meeting with his brother. His mother listened but thought an ordinary cowherd boy had befriended her son. Yet she felt relieved and prayed to her Lord, "Oh Lord, how merciful you are to send a cowherd to guide my fatherless son." Little did she guess that it was the Lord Himself in the guise of a cowherd.

Now, every day Navnit met brother Gopal and walked across the jungle with him. Sometimes brother Gopal would tell him a story, sometimes play on his little flute, or give him wild fruits and berries. They played together and laughed and ran merrily. Navnit's mother was happy that he had found a companion, and did not worry or bother to find out who it was.

One day Navnit heard in school that his teacher was celebrating his birthday in a few days. The students were all invited to a feast and the boys were talking about the presents they were going to bring. Poor Navnit heard all this and asked

his mother to give him a present for his teacher. His mother did not have an extra pie with her and said, "My child, I only earn enough to feed you and myself. How can I find you a present?"

Navnit heard his mother's reply and kept quiet. Next day Gopal saw his downcast face and asked him affectionately, "Brother, why are you so sad today?"

"Oh Brother Gopal, I am very unhappy today because we are so poor that I cannot take a present to my school teacher," replied Navnit.

"Oh, is that all? Do not worry, I shall give you a present for your teacher," said brother Gopal with a smile.

"Oh, will you really, will you?" asked Navnit, his face lighting up. Then Navnit told Gopal of his teacher's birthday and the feast to which he was invited.

On the day of his teacher's birthday, Gopal had a present ready for Navnit to take. It was a small mud pot full of fresh sweet white curds.

He gave it to Navnit saying, "Take it to your teacher." Navnit took it happily to his teacher's house. But when he got there and saw all the grand presents the other boys had brought, he felt so insignificant with the little mud pot.

The teacher received the presents one by one, nodding and



smiling happily at the boys. Trembling, little Navnit made his way to the teacher clutching his mud pot.

The teacher looked at the mud pot and did not even reach out for it. He asked his servant nearby to receive it. The servant took the curd pot to the kitchen and poured the curds with the rest. After emptying the pot he was about to throw it away when he saw, to his surprise, that it was full again. He poured it out but the pot was as full as ever. He repeated this many times before he ran to tell his master.

Meanwhile, heart-broken that his present had not been received with joy, Navnit went away by himself to weep in a corner.

The teacher heard the excited servant and tested the mud pot himself by pouring out the curds. And the pot was full again.

Then the teacher hurried to find Navnit. He found him sitting in a corner all by himself and crying his heart out.

The teacher took Navnit by the hand and asked, "Navnit, where did you get this pot?"

Navnit replied, sobbing, "My brother Gopal gave it to me."

The teacher knew that Navnit was the only son of a poor widow and did not have any brothers and sisters.

"And pray who is your brother Gopal?" he asked. Nav-

nit replied, his eyes lighting up, "Oh he is my elder brother and he lives in the jungle. He keeps me company every day in the jungle."

Now the teacher lost his patience and spoke gruffly. "Don't tell me lies. Speak the truth. I know that you have no elder brother. Then who is brother Gopal? And where did you get this pot?"

"Oh," cried Navnit, "you must believe me. I have an elder brother Gopal and he lives in the jungle. He meets me every day."

Then the teacher asked, "Can you show your brother Gopal to







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me? Then I will believe you."

"Yes, of course," replied Navnit.

"Then come, let us go to the jungle to see brother Gopal," said the teacher. And little Navnit and all the others went to the jungle. In the jungle Navanit called "Brother Gopal! Brother Gopal!" But there was no answering voice nor did Gopal come.

Then everyone laughed and the teacher said, "You are lying Navnit. There is no Gopal."

Then little Navnit burst into tears and cried aloud. "Oh Brother Gopal, Brother Gopal, nobody believes me. Why don't you come?"

Then a sweet, clear, tinkling laugh was heard and a musical voice followed, "Brother Navnit, only you can see me. The others cannot see me for they do not believe in me. So I shall appear only for you. It is only because of you that they at least hear my voice."

Everyone had listened full of wonder and nobody had any words to say. The teacher and the others prostrated in the direction of the voice.

The teacher took little Navnit in his arms and hugged him and kissed him saying. "Oh, my child, you are blessed!" The teacher knew that it was indeed Lord Krishna who had befriended little Navnit. □□□



# BED-WETTING

## [ENURESIS]

DR. K. NARAYANAN

**E**NURESIS is a medical term for bed-wetting — a source of embarrassing nuisance to many parents and young children.

Of the two waste disposal movements in the body, the bowel movement achieves regularity much earlier than that of bladder. Children, by the time they reach the age of two or so, rarely soil their bed with stool. Moreover whenever they have a feeling for voiding, they communicate their desire to the elders who then take them to the proper place. This is achieved by three factors: age; the unconscious development of a certain "understanding" about the way of the world which is part of maturity; and parental instruction.

An infant cannot stand up and walk the day it comes out of the mother's womb. And, it does so on its own when the

proper time comes. Every instruction is set in the genetic code within the body. It is automatic and springs into life at the proper time. A growing child can by itself achieve control over the activities of its body organs. Instructions are necessary only as a result of conventions formulated by man and his fastidious regard for cleanliness, hygiene and aestheticism. But unless he uses his mature intelligence to detect signs of the child's willingness and ability to do the desired things as it develops, instruction can often backfire. Over-enthusiasm can mar creativeness just as slackness and default can mar it when instructions are sought to be imposed at the wrong time. Each child is an individual with its own instinctual laws and speed of development. The ambition of the parents



should be in tune with the physical and mental development of their child. There is no forcing the pace of natural growth.

Modern parents are too ambitious about their children and because of this quite often ruin the life and career of otherwise intelligent children. Their mis-handling the problem of bed-wetting or enuresis is but a typical — and a minor one at that — example of this parental mismanagement of children.

Enuresis is involuntary urination at night after a certain age. The age at which a child gains full control of the bladder varies considerably from child to child. As a rule, the stage when this is achieved, in a majority of cases, is after the age of three or four. For a variety of reasons, this is not achieved by many children who then continue to wet the bed far beyond the time set for achieving the bladder control. For one thing, the bladder capacity varies with individuals, from six to 24 or more ounces. The average bladder capacities of normal children are larger than in enuretics. The bladder capacity can be tested by the number of times the child urinates in a day. And, in the case of enuretics with small bladder capacity, the urinary frequency is increased even at day time.

Parents should discover the child's bladder capacity by trial and error and limit the intake

of liquid to arrest the excessive frequencies of urination. The child as it grows should also be persuaded gradually to exert a voluntary control over the bladder but not to the point of provoking discomfort. Such persuasive training can be started after the age of two. If the child resists or voids accidentally while learning to achieve control, parents should tolerate such lapses as they merely indicate the child has not reached maturity. Parents should be more tactful in dealing with children at this stage. Patience, common sense and not making a fuss in front of the child are the essentials of successful treatment. Unfortunately in a majority of cases, the poor young enuretics have to face the worst of their parents, especially the mothers: the reckless torrent of abuses, explosive complaints, pitiless and provocative remarks to neighbours and, of course, a good amount of beating.

Here the real culprit is not the young enuretic but the persecutor who is incapable of understanding the physical and psychological side of her own child. She is more bothered about the extra work of washing the linen than sharing the problem of her child. The wrong approach to the problem, if it does anything, only worsens the condition.



Physical defects or causes such as the malfunctioning of kidneys or the urinary system, or irritation of the genitalia too can cause enuresis. However, it is generally agreed that these physical abnormalities contribute extremely rarely towards enuresis. (Moreover physical defects of the urinary system — say, urinary infection, diabetes, nocturnal epilepsy or tuberculosis — can be easily detected from the overall state of physical health.) Anxiety, insecurity and a variety of psychological disturbances, on the other hand, are said to be by far the more common causes of bed-wetting. And yet another intriguing factor is that this problem is met with in greater frequencies (about 65 per cent) in boys than in girls.

If enuresis is attributed to emotional reasons, it can, then, function like a double-edged sword: the emotional reason causing bed-wetting which, in turn, causing the emotional strain which is manifested in the form of shyness, self-consciousness, temper tantrums and fear (of parents). Such children may also be poor sleepers.

Of course, these emotional difficulties are mentioned particularly with regard to the grown-up, pre-adolescent children. Sometimes children who had stopped wetting the bed may start again under emotional

strain. The usual clauses of emotional stress for the child at this age are sibling rivalry (e.g. arrival of a new baby in the family when greater attention is paid by parents to the new "guy" and the elder one feels let down); quarrels between parents; lack of love in the family or lack of attention paid to his needs (as in the case where both the parents' interest is involved more in their social life or job); upsetting incidents in the family (death, etc.); school problems (poor studies); a change to new, strange environment, and so on.

Could dreams set off the nervous impulse to empty the bladder? It is difficult to answer. As dreams are often the result of emotional stress, the general view that emotional disturbances constitute the basic cause for bed-wetting in the majority of cases still holds good.

Let us now round up some vital facts about this embarrassing nuisance.

- ★ Urinary control is primarily a question of growth and maturity than parental training.
- ★ It can be delayed by premature effort and dogged insistence of over-conscious parents.
- ★ Though a child automatically learns to have control over its bladder it is not ac-



complished till the child is four to five years old.

★ The bladder remains comfortable until filled with urine from the kidneys. When the bladder wall is stretched, a nerve impulse automatically opens the muscle at the bladder exit. Children have no conscious control over this nerve impulse.

★ Enuresis can be caused by the presence of intestinal worms (threadworm etc.).

★ It can be also caused by congenital brain or spinal-cord damage — by affecting the nerves that control the bladder.

When physical causes are ruled out, the treatment consists of:

★ Accepting the lack of urinary control as a fact of life for the first couple of years.

★ Study the child's drinking and voiding habits — the amount of fluid taken and the number of times it voids and the quantity it voids.

★ If the child is old enough to understand, ask him/her to exert a voluntary control over the bladder by purposefully delaying the urge to void at day time. This can help to increase the bladder capacity of the child. This

is particularly true in the case of the child whose bladder capacity is small.

★ The training should be commensurate with the child's growth. It consists of: fluid restriction after 5 p.m.; emptying the bladder just before going to bed; waking the child up at night (just about the time he wets the bed) to urinate, etc. (Some children have the habit of drinking water at night. No wonder they wet the bed!).

★ Avoiding very spicy foods at night as they irritate the urinary system. So also excitements late in the evening.

★ Avoiding premature and coercive training that can lead to confusion and resentment.

★ Reassurance, sympathy and understanding from the parents to build up his self-confidence rather than scolding and ridiculing.

There is a good deal of evidence to indicate that children from stable homes, who have not received any formal toilet training as infants, develop normal bladder control at the same age as those who have been so trained.

*Note:* The drugs (ephedrine, amphetamine, Imipramine, etc.)



that are usually used to seek some possible "luck" in the treatment of enuresis are found to be less rewarding in most cases. A psychologist's help may be needed in some cases. But it is absurd to overemphasize the child's psychological trauma without proper scrutiny. Similarly availing of such devices as penile clamp and electric Enuresis Alarm (that wakes the child by flashing a light and ringing a bell as soon as the moisture-sensitive bed pad gives the signal) should be resorted to with extreme care. These "indignities" — in the sense that they can lead to serious psychological traumas — should be

The chief reason for our fear is that we regard ourselves as separate units, separate individuals, thrown off into the universe by the Creator to battle for ourselves. As a matter of fact, we are an integral part of the great scheme of creation. We are a part of the great creative energy, and are every instant being re-created, re-fashioned, renewed. Every time we breathe we are being recreated. The Creator cannot be separated from his creations. We live and move and have our being in Him—in His infinite supply of strength, His infinite outreach of wisdom. If we give way to paltry fear,

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reserved till the last moment when the situation has proved to be utterly useless which in any case, seldom is the case. □

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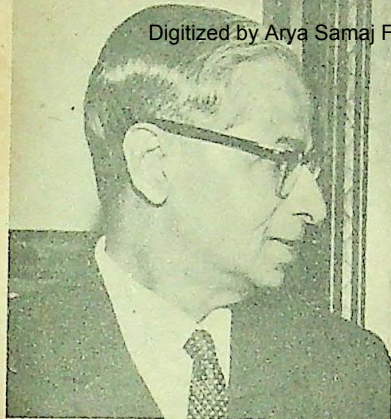
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## A "WEIGHTY ARGUMENT"

A JUDGE who is hearing a case can certainly influence its outcome but can a judge who is not deciding the matter and who has nothing to do with it do so? All lawyers would say with one voice that he cannot. Yet in one instance at least this did happen and we came across the story in the autobiography of the late Shri P. B. Gajendra-gadkar, a former Chief Justice of India. The book, "To The Best Of My Memory", contains many anecdotes, many revealing and some amusing, all throwing a floodlight on the judicial process and what happens behind the scenes in the courts.

The present story relates to the time, when Gajendragadkar was a judge of the Bombay High Court. Mr. Justice Bavadekar and Mr. Justice Chainani were hearing an appeal in a sensational murder case from Bombay. Gajendragadkar only says that it related to the murder of a senior police officer while

attending a music party in the house of a dancing girl. He gives no details and no name. But it is clear that the reference is to the murder of Police Inspector Nadkarni in which Kishori, the dancing girl was an accused. The two were lovers and Kishori had got tired of him. She was charged with having killed Nadkarni by throwing him out from the window of her second floor apartment with the help of her co-accused.

One of the arguments which was vehemently argued before Bavadekar and Chainani was that the evidence which purported to show that the victim had been thrown out of the window could not possibly be true; as he weighed nearly 170 lbs. Bavadekar was not impressed by that argument but Chainani was, and it was in a sense an important argument, Gajendragadkar relates.

So Bavadekar turned to Chai-



nani and whispered, 'Look here, Brother. Can Gajendragadkar be thrown through a window by two hefty men? And Chainani said, "Of course, he can be." Then Bavadekar added with a chuckle "Well, Gajendragadkar weighs 175 lbs." Chainani was satisfied that the evidence was true.

When the judges met in the chamber for lunch, Bavadekar turned to Gajendragadkar and said, "Brother, today you rendered a singular service to the case of the prosecution in the famous criminal appeal we are hearing." On Gajendragadkar enquiring about what service he had rendered, Bavadekar told the story to all the judges present

much to their amusement. Absent Gajendragadkar had indeed provided a weighty argument to convince Chainani of the truth of the prosecution case.

The autobiography is highly readable and even non-lawyers like us can enjoy it and get to know what a good and a great man Gajendragadkar was and how his attainments were adorned by his humility.

Courtesy: Nagpur Times

*The 'Nagpur Times' of June 6, 1983, commented editorially on an episode from the late P. B. Gajendragadkar's autobiography, 'To The Best of My Memory', a Bhavan's Publication.*

## KUMBHA INDIA'S AGELESS FESTIVAL

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The book gives a graphic and vivid portrayal of Kumbha Mela, the festival of the pitcher. This festival has been celebrated without a break through the ages and millions have come to it despite all the wars that have ravaged India during all these centuries when emperors and kingdoms have risen and fallen without in the least deviating the devout from their set purpose.

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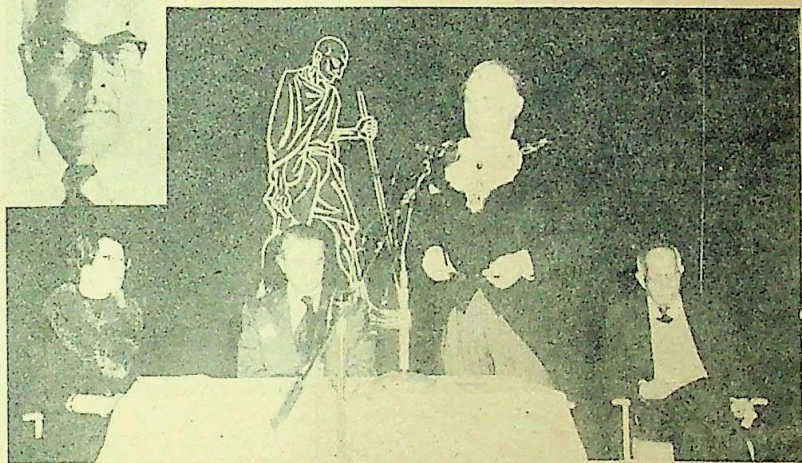
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His Worshipful Mayor of Fulham and Hammersmith, Councillor W. B. Smith, speaking at the meeting held to condole the demise of Shri Dharamsey Khatau. (L. to R.): Sri B. B. Konnur, the Mayor, Sri M. A. S. Dalal, Chairman of the U.K. Kendra and Mrs. Pamela Mulcaire, Deputy Mayor.  
(Inset) photo of Dharamsey Khatau

#### LONDON CENTRE: HOMAGE TO DHARAMSEY KHATAU

RICH tributes were paid to the late Shri Dharamsey Khatau at a condolence meeting held at the Bhavan's U.K. Centre, London, on March 26, 1983. Shri M.A.S. Dalal, Chairman of the Bhavan's U.K. Centre, said that Shri Khatau was a remarkable person who guided the Bhavan for the last 10 years. The Bhavan had grown from strength to strength under his stewardship.

Shri B. B. Konnur, former Senior officer of India Steamship Navigation Co. and a close associate of the Bhavan, said that although Shri Khatau was a keen businessman and had an eye on profit, there was a pre-

## NOTES & NEWS

ponderance of saadvik quality in him. No difficulties and problems would disturb his mind. Anger was not known to him. If any of his thousands of employees made any mistake, he would just call him to his office and tell him politely not to make the mistake again. This quality had endeared him to all his employees.

Shri Mathoor Krishnamoorthy recited Vedic prayers and Ram Dhun was sung by the Bhavan's staff.

#### JOHN DALVI AWARD

TO commemorate the services of Brig. John Dalvi to the



Leslie Sawhny Centre, Deolali, an award in the form of a citation and a cash prize of Rs. 1,000 was instituted. In 1982, the awards were presented by Lady Thomson at the annual get-together on the occasion of the birth anniversary of Col. L. Sawhny. This year Dr. Manohar Kher and Mrs. Mary Thomas are the recipients of the award for outstanding public work.

Brig. Dalvi died on October 28, 1974.

### BANGALORE KENDRA

THE Bangalore Kendra recently arranged a series of nine slide lectures by eminent men on "Health care". Dr. Philip Alexander gave a lecture on 'Your Heart.'

Shri Girdharilal Mehta, President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, graced the occasion and presented a set of selected publications of the Bhavan to Dr. Alexander. Shri S. M. Sivaramakrishnan gave a lecture on the life and teachings of Adi Sankara on the occasion of Sankara Jayanti.



Shri S. M. Sivaramakrishnan speaking on 'Adi Sankara' at the Bangalore Kendra.

### CHANDIGARH KENDRA

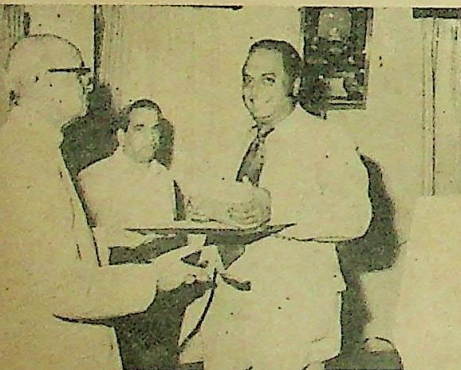
THE Chandigarh Kendra Committee, at a meeting held on June 13, 1983, at the Bhavan, passed a condolence resolution touching the demise of Nawab Aminuddin Ahmed Khan Sahib, former Governor of Punjab. He was a patron of the Bhavan and under his kind patronage the Kendra flourished.

Nawab Saheb was an intellectual and a patriot with a catholic outlook. His sympathies transcended the limitations of religion, region, race or community.

### COCHIN KENDRA

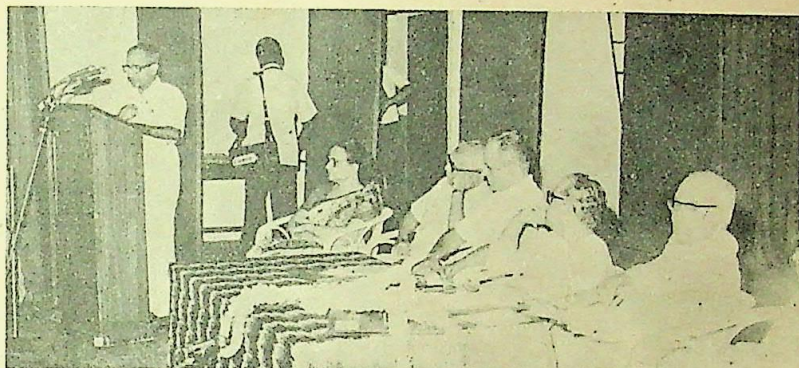
An all-India seminar on 'Life and Health Sciences' was organised by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on May 14 and 15, 1983 at Cochin. Dr. K. Gopalan, Vice-Chancellor of Cochin University, inaugurated the seminar.

Pointing out that Indian doctors working on their own initiative and with limited facilities have made remarkable contributions, Dr. Gopalan said that the existing technologies needed to be modified to suit



Shri Girdharilalji presenting a set of Bhavan's publications to Dr. Alexander





Shri K. Gopalan inaugurating the seminar on "Life and Health Sciences" at the Cochin Kendra. (L. to R.): Prof. V. Ramalingaswami, Justice T. Balagangadharan Nair, Dr. P. Sreekumar

our own conditions. A climate of discovery to enable indigenous talent to flourish was essential.

Prof. V. Ramalingaswami, Director-General of Indian Council of Medical Research, who delivered the keynote address, called for an inter-disciplinary approach to correlate the traditional medicine and modern medicine.

He felt that applying scientific methods to ancient revelations and empirical knowledge as envisaged by the Ancient Insights and Modern Discoveries project was of profound significance and pleaded for an all-out effort to tap the local resources. He praised the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan for its role in the exploration of traditional concepts.

More than 30 eminent medical men belonging to various systems of medicine participated in the seminar.

Dr. P. Sreekumar, Hon. Secretary of the Cochin Kendra who is also in charge of the Life and Health Sciences Wing of the Ancient Insights and Modern

Discoveries, was the Organising Secretary.

The seminar was widely attended and appreciated by the participants.

#### MADRAS KENDRA

Shri T. S. Balakrishna Sastri-gal gave a series of discourses on Mahabharata under the aus-



Pulavar Keeran delivering his lecture on 'Kamba Ramayanathil Ulaga Ilakkia Koorugal.' On his right is Shri A. V. Subramaniam, Additional General Manager, (Retd.) Southern Railways, who presided



pices of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Mylapore, as part of its Silver Jubilee celebrations from June 10. Shri Balakrishna Sastrigal highlighted the literary and other significant aspects of the Mahabharata with special emphasis on ethical values and their impact on modern society. He said a person should be truthful and free from greed while pursuing the occupation that had fallen to his lot. Scriptures laid great emphasis on performance of one's duty with the utmost earnestness.

Pulavar Keeran delivered a lecture on 'Kambaramayanathil Ulga Ilakkia Koorugal' in Tamil. He said the demon king Ravana persisted in his sinister, suicidal move despite the advice of Maricha as the time had come to reap the results of his sins. Maricha, preferring to die at the hands of Sri Rama, agreed to obey Ravana.

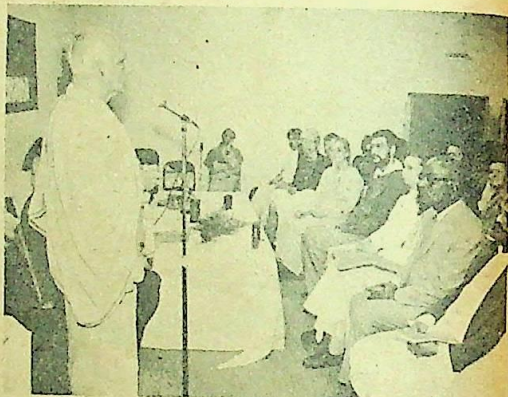
### SWAMI RANGANATHANANDA

of the Ramakrishna Order, Hyderabad, and Swami Satchidananda of the Integral Yoga Institute visited the Bhavan's New York Centre on May 26.

Swami Ranganathananda spoke on the 'Spirit of the Culture of India' and Swami Satchidananda gave his divine blessings as the Guest of Honour.

Swami Ranganathananda pointed out that the assimilative spirit of India's culture could easily be seen. Unity in diversity, love, compassion and universal outlook — these were the outstanding characteristics of India's culture. It had a tremendous universal dimension which it had expressed several times in its long history.

"The culture of India is a



Swami Ranganathananda speaking at the New York Centre of the Bhavan

living culture — continuing culture from the very ancient times in spite of centuries of foreign invasions, subjections and all kinds of challenges. Concord and harmony are the greatest qualities of its inherent strength. The Ashokan inscriptions declare, "If you love your religion and criticize other religions, you injure your own religion because in religion, harmony is the way and not discord."

Swami Satchidananda, who had come all the way from Virginia to bless the Bhavan, quoted 'Tirukkural' which said that the cultured man was he who, even after seeing his bosom friend mixing a drop of poison in the drink, accepted it with a smile.

The Swamiji referred to the proposed Bhavan's residential school for children in Virginia and appealed for financial assistance.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks by Smt. Tulsi Jayaraman.



## BOOK REVIEW

### JOY OF THE ILLUMINED

Swami Budhananda, Advaita Ashram, 5, Delhi Entally Road, Calcutta-700 014. Pages 96. Price: Rs. 4.50.

THE Taittiriya Upanishad has distinguished between different categories of Anand — the highest being Brahmananda — the bliss of Brahman, the bliss ineffable and ungraspable by intellect (p. 10). Though to obtain this bliss is within the reach of every human being, the demands made on him for its achievement are hard indeed. 'One has to take up one's cross daily, leave everything and follow Him and Him only' (p. 1). This is so everywhere. We know that Kabir commanded that he who is prepared to set fire to his own house should alone follow Kabir. The way is hard; but the fruit is infinitely attractive.

This little book is a beautiful piece of literature and is made all the more beautiful by a number of passages from Eastern and Western mystics who have expressed their ecstasy of God-experience because their hearts were brimming with it. Jnaneswar was satiated with this bliss (p. 66), Mira was confident that it could not be taken away from her (p. 69) and Ramakrishna could not contain it in himself and went in search of God-lovers (p. 74). The book gives the reader a foretaste of the joy of illumination and if the reader turns to the path of

God, Swami Budhananda will find his efforts amply rewarded, his detachment from any reward notwithstanding.

### THE SAVING CHALLENGE OF RELIGION:

Swami Budhananda, Published by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Madras. Pages xv+272. Price: Rs. 28/.

THERE is evident an irrepressible optimism in this book which is expressed in sentences like: "we must bring eternity into the heart of our moments, and in one vast sweep take time and timeless as the formative forces of our life" (page xii). This optimism is supported and strengthened by ancient scriptures like the Vedas (p. 1) as well as by modern thinkers like Swami Vivekananda who confirm the eternal truth that each soul is potentially divine (p. 11).

There is material enough in the book to awaken and set any sensible man a-thinking. "Buttressed by science as each is, unbelief has a fascination of its own, atheism has its laurels, hedonism its intoxication, materialism its triumphs, and agnosticism its bravado" (p. 20). But man has not to lose heart. It is pointed out by the author that there is another voice exhorting man to a life of illumination (p. 22) and if one has some courage he will pass by unhurt.

Swami Budhananda has mastered the psychology of a doubt-



ing soul who has no anchor anywhere and is seeking it. The answers to various doubts that are provided in the essay, 'Religion in the Nuclear Age' aim at making a wavering soul stable and see for himself the truth of religion. We often find a wrong idea prevailing in the minds of men that science is opposed to religion. Science is against dogmatic, superstitious and obscurantist religion. True religion and true science are friends. But true religion, in course of centuries, gets encrustations of hypocrisy and ignorance, and science has a quarrel with this sort of religion. Religion will have to rid itself of the cancerous growth and come out in its pristine purity that goes hand in hand with science. This truth has been powerfully driven home by the author in the chap-

ter: Can one be scientific and yet spiritual?

In an age when we are undergoing various traumatic experiences, our character holds a key to any riddle of life (p. 170) and hence the directive: Grow more character.

The book takes a holistic view of life. Life cannot be understood piecemeal; we have to try to understand it as a whole and develop it as a whole. Excellence is a virtue, for, the Lord has vouchsafed that wherever there is excellence there He is. Therefore one should always excel oneself in all that one does. Swami Budhananda has conveyed this message in a powerfully worded book which should reach all doubting minds, feeling hearts, working hands and thinking brains.

—Prof. B. R. Kulkarni

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